

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES }
VOLUME LXIX. }

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GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT.

Now lies the Lord in a most quiet bed.
 Stillness profound
 Steeps like a balm the wounded body
 wholly,
 More still than the hushed night watch-
 ing around,
 The moon is overhead,
 Sparkling and small, and somewhere a
 faint sound
 Of water dropping in a cistern slowly.
 Now lies the Lord in a most quiet
 bed.

Now rests the Lord in perfect lone-
 liness.
 One little grated window has the
 tomb,
 A patch of gloom
 Impenetrable, where the moonbeams
 whiten
 And arabesque its wall
 With leafy shadows light as a caress.
 The palms that brood above the garden
 brighten,
 But in that quiet room
 Darkness prevails, deep darkness fills
 it all.
 Now rests the Lord in perfect lone-
 liness.

Now sleeps the Lord secure from
 human sorrow.
 The sorrowing women sometimes fall
 asleep
 Wrapped in their hair,
 Which while they slumber yet warm
 tears will steep,
 Because their hearts mourn in them
 ceaselessly,
 Uprising, half aware,
 They myrrh and spices and rich balms,
 put by
 For their own burials, gather hastily,
 Dreaming it is that morrow
 When they the precious body may
 prepare.
 Now sleeps the Lord secure from
 human sorrow.

Now sleeps the Lord unhurt by Love's
 betrayal.
 Peter sleeps not.

He lies yet on his face and has not
 stirred
 Since the iron entered in his soul red-
 hot.
 The disciples trembling tell their dis-
 illusion,
 Since He whose word
 Could raise the dead, on whom God
 had conferred
 Power, as they trusted, to redeem
 Israel,
 Had been that bitter day put to con-
 fusion,
 Crucified and interred.
 Now sleeps the Lord unhurt by Love's
 betrayal.

Now rests the Lord crowned with in-
 effable peace.
 Have they not peace to-night who
 feared Him, hated
 And hounded to His doom,
 The red thirst of their vengeance be-
 ing sated?
 No, they still run about and bite the
 beard,
 Confer, nor cease
 To tease the contemptuous Pilate, are
 afeared
 Still of Him, tortured, crushed, hu-
 miliated,
 Cold in a blood-stained tomb.
 Now rests the Lord crowned with in-
 effable peace.

Now lies the Lord serene, august,
 apart,
 That mortal life His mother gave Him
 ended.
 No word, save one,
 Of Mary more, but gently as a cloud
 On her perdurable silence has de-
 scended.
 Hush! In her heart
 Which first felt the faint life stir in
 her Son,
 Perchance is apprehended
 This night a new mystery, Grief less
 loud
 Clamors, the Resurrection has begun.
 Now lies the Lord serene, august,
 apart.

Margaret L. Woods.

The Poetry Review.

THE GERMAN WAR IN AMERICA.

The relations existing at the moment between the Government of the United States and that of Germany are unique; history affords no example of a similar status between two Great Powers. This is a time of extraordinary happenings, however, and no precedents are forthcoming whereby to judge the present actions of Governments or upon which to base predictions as to the future. The sinking of the *Lusitania* on May 7th led to a diplomatic Note from Washington to Berlin under date of May 15th, or eight days after the catastrophe, in which the American Government laid down certain principles to which it proposed to hold. The most important of these was the right of unarmed and unresisting merchant ships carrying passengers to provide for the safety of the ship's company before being destroyed, and the right of such American passengers as were on the *Lusitania* or their heirs to material compensation for damage done.

Under date of July 8th, or fifty-three days after the receipt of the American protest, the Imperial German Government made reply, and attempted to justify the sinking of the *Lusitania* on the ground that the action of the enemy, England, had made this method of warfare necessary, and ignoring entirely the question of compensation for those Americans who had suffered through the sudden destruction of the *Lusitania*. Under date of July 21st, or thirteen days after the receipt of the German reply, the American Government made answer to the German Note, which, it was declared, was entirely unsatisfactory and in no sense of the word an answer to the queries made in the first instance by the American Government. This last American Note to Germany was not worded

in such manner as to demand immediate written answer. It was, in brief, a reiteration of the principles for which America stood; expressed polite surprise that no reference was made by Germany to American demands for compensation for the *Lusitania* victims, and closed with the statement that further acts of a similar character on the part of Germany "must be regarded by the Government of the United States, where they affect American citizens, as deliberately unfriendly."

Up to the present time the German Government has not seen fit to make further reply, and thus the whole matter still lies in the realm of "unfinished business" from a diplomatic point of view. Upon receipt of the American Note of July 21st it was promptly given out semi-officially by Germany that it would be some time before any further communication upon the subject would be sent to Washington, and it was even intimated that there might be no answer at all. During the past few days the impression has gained ground both in Germany and the United States that the latter course would be pursued by the German Government. The actual situation is, therefore, that the United States is now waiting, not for an answer to its Note of July 21st, but to see whether or not Germany will respect, in practice at least, the expressed opinion of the Washington Government that under normal circumstances the destruction by German war-vessels of unarmed and unresisting merchantmen carrying American passengers should only be proceeded with after providing for the safety of such neutral non-combatants. The question of damages for American lives lost on the *Lusitania* is one which

might possibly be left until a later date.¹

So far as the American Government is concerned, therefore, a policy now prevails of "watchful waiting" characteristic of the serious-minded and conservative man who is now President of the United States. As will be realized from the dates of the various Notes to Germany, there has been no delay on the part of the American Government either in presenting its opinions to the German Government or in replying to any Notes from Berlin. Nor has there been any lack of dignified insistence upon what was believed to be American rights in the rather involved situation. The American Notes have also been entirely consistent in their expressions of friendship for the German nation and the desire to reach an amicable understanding upon all matters in controversy, but in all these expressions of friendship there has been no retreat from the original position. The American Government has in effect said to Germany: "Even taking everything into consideration, such as the necessities of submarine warfare, the provocation of your enemies, and your desperately isolated state, you have done a grievous wrong for which there is no excuse. You must make such reparation for this act as is possible, and you must not do it again, as a repetition after this warning will be considered a deliberate act of defiance to a neutral Power."

To all outward appearance Germany has, up to the present time at least, taken heed of the warning. Since that warning has been delivered at Berlin there has been no clearly defined case of an unarmed and unresisting merchantman carrying American passengers being destroyed by a German war-vessel.² No answer has been made to the American Note other than this

negative performance. Whether this restraint has been imposed upon the commanders of German submarines by the German Admiralty, or by lack of success in the pursuit of prey, is immaterial to the diplomatic relations of the two countries. To warrant drastic action by the United States Germany must now commit a fresh outrage absolutely beyond controversy as to its being an infringement of American rights as they have been outlined from Washington, or, in other words, Germany has been given the benefit of a "first offence" and is now on probation.

The attitude of Germany in this whole matter has been one of reckless disregard of the rights of neutrals as well as those of humanity. Her replies to American inquiries have been unnecessarily delayed, and when delivered have been of most evasive and unsatisfactory character. The German Government has even failed to take advantage of the loopholes suggested by Washington as a possible avenue of escape from serious liability. No disavowals or excuses have been made except to try and shift the blame elsewhere. The German side of the controversy suggests but one idea, and that is a purposeful delay in bringing matters to a conclusion. From the British point of view this sparring for time would be taken to mean that Germany desired to continue her submarine warfare upon commerce without check, or at least without imposing any rules for the game upon herself. The original German submarine programme may be modified as a matter of expediency, and probably has been, but it is better from the German point of view that their opponents remain uninformed as to what modifications may have been determined upon, and, should future occasion demand, that they should prove no additional bar to a resumption of operations along original lines.

¹ The sinking of the White Star liner *Arabic* on August 19th has yet to be commented on.—[Ed., F.R.]

From the American point of view, however, there is a far greater significance in this unwillingness of Germany to commit herself, for Germany is now at work in America along lines the outcome of which will undoubtedly determine her future policy on the high seas, not only towards her present enemies but towards America as well. Three great campaigns are being carried on in America by Germany. The object of one is to create as much friction as possible between America and the Allies, especially England. Another is intended to furnish all possible support to the peace-at-any-price party. The third, and most important of all, is to prevail upon the American nation to restrict the export of munitions of war to the Allies. In addition to these three distinct though harmonious lines of endeavor, everything possible is being done by German agents to foment trouble in American labor circles, especially in munition works; to destroy, by means of bombs, incendiarism, and sabotage, all vessels and material destined for Western Europe, and to terrorize in every conceivable way those whose efforts are directed, either from sympathy or for material gain, towards the assistance of the Allied cause.

Even an attempt to carry into effect such a programme as above indicated is a stupendous undertaking, but the effort has now gone far beyond the stage of an attempt; it is in full swing, and results are apparent everywhere. Upon the outcome of this work the future relations between the United States and Germany unquestionably depend. Should German effort meet with appreciable success in America, the German Government will undoubtedly show considerable complacency towards American demands. Should complete failure result, it seems very doubtful if Germany will show the slightest consideration for American

rights or wishes; in fact, many Germans have already expressed their belief that a state of war with America would be preferable to an indefinite continuation of the present advantage now possessed by the Allies in dealings with the United States. The probability of success or failure for the present German effort in America cannot be determined for several months to come. It is believed by many that there will be no answer from Germany to the American Note of July 21st until it can be determined more or less accurately just how successful will be the war of German propaganda now being waged in the United States.

The audacity, ingenuity, and widespread character of the work now being done in America under German auspices is realized by few. Hundreds of people are employed, many more are working as volunteers, and thousands more are unwittingly assisting through some appeal to their vanity, their ambition, their ignorance, or their sentimentality. The campaign being made to bring about friction between the United States and England is of special concern to the British Press and to those who have the ear of the British public; for Germany is, strange to say, receiving considerable help from this side of the Atlantic.

Anglo-American discussion concerning points which have arisen out of war conditions has been conducted upon a high plane by both Governments. English argument against American contentions is taken seriously not only by the American Government but by the American people, and it received the most respectful consideration. The fact that England agrees with America in principle, only differing as to legal interpretation or the true meaning of precedents, has put Anglo-American discussion upon an entirely different basis from the German-American discussion, for Germany frankly disavows

agreement in principle with the American position. All this makes for a continuance of the Anglo-American *entente*. It is also a matter of public information in America that England and her Allies are benefiting greatly through American neutrality, and it is a notorious fact that probably 90 per cent of the American people who are of long American ancestry were pro-Ally in the beginning of the war, and still are pro-Ally, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the German propagandists to reduce them to a state of "neutrality." America is not benefiting from this war, although such seems to be the impression abroad. The prosperity of a few munition firms does not compensate for a general dullness and much unemployment throughout the country. Increased figures of exports do not mean a general expansion of export trade, nor does it take the place of a decreased business at home. In some cases the increased export of certain articles is a direct loss to Americans, as prices have been raised thereby to the American consumer. These conditions are accepted more or less philosophically, however, as the rest of the world is so much worse off that America seems prosperous by comparison.

The fact that a majority of the American people are pro-Ally is proved by the resentment of the Germans towards Americans for what the Germans term their lack of neutrality. The fact that England and her Allies are greatly strengthened by free access to American money and supplies is also attested by German effort to hamper Anglo-American exchanges. It is also a well-known fact that many Americans are engaged in various services for the Allies, among them being several thousand who are fighting with British and French troops on the Continent. In view of this generally pro-Ally situation in America, which is

so well understood and resented by the Germans, a great many Americans are unable to understand the occasional anti-American sentiment which finds expression in England in even some of the more prominent newspapers and periodicals, and even once in a while in public speech. It is well understood that America as a neutral is far more valuable to England than America as an armed ally, for a time at least, and there is no doubt but that the British Government is well satisfied with things as they are. It is rather a pity that this state of affairs is not more generally understood in England, for when it is reported in American newspapers that alleged jokes are made in London music-halls questioning the sincerity of the position of the American Government, the only people in America who really enjoy this form of wit are the Germans and German sympathizers. Such attacks coming from the English people at this time, and in view of the known conditions, cause resentment even among those who are strongly pro-English. The fact that unpleasant things are said in America about England does not balance the account, for they are not as significant. America is not a country at war and intent upon a single purpose as in England. Scattered throughout America are millions of Germans who can say what they please, for there is no censorship. A nasty remark made in America about England may quite possibly come from enemy sources, whereas a nasty remark made in England about America is naturally taken to represent a certain amount of English public opinion, and Americans do not understand why, at this time especially when America is accused by England's enemies of lacking in neutrality and favoring England, such feeling should arise or remarks be made. There is no danger of the two Governments misunderstanding each

other, but there does seem to be some danger of both Governments being hampered in their efforts to maintain a perfect *entente* by irresponsible chatter among their own peoples. America cannot control what is said or printed. The English Government is at the moment in a much better position to lessen the danger of friction by a certain degree of frankness as to the real situation existing between the United States and England; for if the truth were told it is practically that of allies. An Englishman who helps spread an anti-American feeling in England to-day could draw a good salary from the Germans by applying for it and proving his case. He is doing the work they want done, and doing it better than they can do it themselves, for an anti-American remark made by an Englishman in England is used by the Germans in America as a most valuable and effective "Jack Johnson" in their campaign to bring about friction between the American and English peoples.

The greatest publicity campaign the world has ever seen was started in America by the Germans in the early days of the war. This campaign had for its purpose the conversion of America to the German side of the controversy, and, failing in that, to prevent as much as possible the conversion of neutral opinion to the cause of the Allies. This campaign has proved a partial failure—not a complete failure by any means, notwithstanding the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Had this boat not been destroyed, the German propagandists might have made considerable and tangible progress in their work. Even in the face of that disaster, however, they have made some headway in certain sections of America. The results generally, however, may be described as negative. They have succeeded in encouraging if not exactly an open mind, one in which

fundamentals have become confused, with the result that a certain number of Americans now apportion the blame for the war among all the combatants instead of to one side or the other of the controversy.

The greatest value to the Germans of this earlier work is not in direct results but in bringing about a mental state among many Americans which is assisting the work now in progress. It is doubtful whether this is the result of any deep-laid plan. It is more logical to suppose in view of all circumstances that, finding it impossible to make a pro-German nation out of America, it was decided to direct all the tremendous forces at their command towards anything that would injure the Allied cause in America. This movement has now developed along well-defined lines: to aggravate if possible any friction between England and America as already suggested; to encourage the peace-at-any-price sentiment among the American people; and to assist in the agitation for an embargo upon the export of munitions of war.

It is not necessary for Germany to send any money to pay German accounts or the expenses of her agents. There is a large section of the American banking interests that is pro-German; in fact, is German-owned. From this source can be obtained all the money needed to carry on any work that is to be done, and the German propaganda has a practically unlimited financial backing. The enormous sums of money which are being expended here, there, and everywhere in America for the various purposes of Germany are freely contributed, not alone for patriotic reasons, but in hopes of either assisting Germany to victory or at the least to a peace which will leave her industrial and financial system in good shape to renew her former amazing progress towards her

ultimate goal—a mastery of the trade of the world.

The peace-at-any-price movement in the United States is led by those who are genuine in their belief that the war should stop at once, no matter what the consequences might be to the nations now in arms. These leaders are supported by both men and women who understand little of the present situation in Europe, and who have never known or cared anything about foreign politics, but who are obsessed with the idea that this world is going on all right in every way so long as no armed conflict prevails. Many of these people are sincere enough in their convictions; others are seeking personal notoriety; others financial gain in the lecture field; and still others seeking political preferment through catering to the "peace vote," as it is now called.

Peace, Prohibition and Politics are close bedfellows in some sections of America, and they are the rungs of a ladder up which many hope to climb to the comfortable emoluments of public office. Throughout the entire weave of this movement can easily be detected the skilful work of the German propagandist. There is now a saying in common use on the Pacific coast among the numerous friends of the Allies to the effect that a peace meeting is synonymous with a pro-German rally. This is largely true, for in all these meetings there is a large pro-German element. Such genuine American support as is found for this movement is drawn from that very large class which, while possessed of a certain quick intelligence, is half-educated, provincial and insular in its line of thought, and also possessed of a marked religious sentimentality. The so-called Chautauqua educational gatherings and religious societies such as the Christian Endeavorers and others of the same character are the recruit-

ing grounds for the peace-at-any-price movement. It is among these people also that is found the strongest opposition towards the proposed increase in the armed defences of the United States.

A great spiritual and mental harm is being done the American nation by this peace movement, for it is accompanied by an unwholesome flattery bad for the soul of any nation. Americans are being told that by remaining in their present peaceful and unprepared condition they are setting a great example to the world. It is even intimated to them that their present state of comparative beatitude is due to some peculiar virtue of their own which the rest of the world would do well to imitate. Instead of teaching humility, the leaders of this movement are inculcating a false pride, and encouraging those Americans who fall under their spell to form themselves into a mutual admiration society, which is a serious weakness and therefore a danger to the national character.

Those who know America are aware that with all the noise they make these people are really a small percentage of the population. They also know that American public opinion is largely governed by psychological waves, and that should anything happen to arouse the nation to an acute sense of danger all this hysterical and sentimental top-hammer would be swept away as by a hurricane and the decks would soon be cleared for action. Each and every one of these present peace enthusiasts would be clamoring for an opportunity to give of their services in war. This is consoling to a certain degree, but before the American nation could get rid of this mass of sentimental rubbish the damage would be enormous, and it would require twice the effort to recoup as if American vision had not been temporarily clouded through a visualization of the horrors of this

war to the exclusion of any comprehension of what it all means.

The Germans are ardent advocates of this peace movement in America and the feeling of false security which it engenders. It is not impossible that Germany is hoping to increase her own strength for future wars by encouraging the disarmament of a possible antagonist in advance of the conflict. The immediate object of encouraging this peace movement and of encouraging the opposition to further schemes for national defence in America, however, is for the effect these agitations may have upon a matter which will come up in the American Congress this winter, and that is the proposed embargo upon the export of arms and ammunition to countries at war—a question of vital interest to England and her Allies.

With few exceptions the intelligent thinking people of America recognize the unneutrality of such an embargo. The Press of the United States is almost unanimously opposed to it. Statements have been spread abroad in America by Germany to the effect that 50 per cent of the German soldiers who die in battle are killed by American shells. The truth of the matter is that less than 5 per cent of the purchases of munitions of war made by the Allies have been supplied from the United States; and if guns and ammunition are alone considered, the percentage is much smaller than one-twentieth. These facts are not driven home, however, for the simple reason that there is no organized effort to combat the embargo propaganda. It is said that about three million petitions have been received in Washington asking Congress to stop the export. Anyone familiar with the work of getting up petitions knows how little they really represent. Most of the signers are women, and many of the males above or below military age. It is

also true that many signatures are secured from those who sign merely to oblige or for personal, political, or business reasons. These petitions serve, however, as an illustration of the far-reaching character of the campaign. The hoardings of America are covered with enormous posters calling upon the women of America to stop the murders being committed by American shells. These appeals are signed "The Committee" or some other equally vague designation.

It is an actual fact that many of the provincial people in the United States believe that if America stopped sending ammunition to Europe the war would stop at once, and the various peace-at-any-price organizations are working upon this idea with great vigor. A new classification has appeared in discussing American foreign trade. We are asked to discriminate between "moral and immoral" exports. The haziness which prevails in the mind of a section of the American public in regard to the entire matter is here illustrated, for while it seems to be considered by some immoral to send a shell to the countries at war in Europe, the same stigma of immorality does not seem to apply to a shell sent to Spain or to any other country not now at war. Nor does it apply apparently to raw materials to be used in the manufacture of shells, to motor transports to be used to carry these shells to the Front, or to a thousand and one other articles which are just as much munitions of war as the shells themselves.

A prominent United States senator is reported to have said that if Congress were now in session, such an embargo would be enacted. He said further that while he was opposed to it, he would have to vote for it if he wished to be returned to Congress by his constituency at the next election. He also said, however, that if Con-

gress did enact such a law, President Wilson would veto it. It may be remarked, by the way, that this is often the course pursued by political expediency. The House of Representatives sometimes votes in favor of a measure for political effect, relying upon the Senate to defeat it or upon a Presidential veto to prevent its becoming a law in case the Senate chooses to follow the example of the House. Congress meets in regular session early in December. It is rumored that President Wilson may call it together in special session some time in advance of this date owing to the urgency of the Mexican situation, and for the purpose of pushing forward his plan for extending the armed defences of the country.

There is no question but that the assembling of Congress will let loose a flood of Bills and oratory bearing upon the war, and the various phases of public opinion as it now exists will then find expression. The speeches made by various members will reflect what they think will be most to their political advantage in their own sections of the country in view of the elections which take place in 1916. There will be vigorous opposition in Congress to any measure which proposes to restrict American export, not for mercenary reasons, however, for the American people have never hesitated, whether they were right or wrong in their ideas, to sacrifice American foreign or even home trade in the enforcement of what was believed generally to be a moral issue. It is not believed by those who should know that the Germans will succeed in imposing upon the American people to the extent of securing from Congress any form of embargo upon export, but such a thing is possible, for every sentimental force has been organized, and its strength will be marshalled when the time comes. If such a movement

should succeed, the restrictions placed upon export will be exceedingly narrow, however, and it might be found that it would do little or no harm to the Allied cause. It would not go into effect for a long time, and all contracts let now and in the weeks to come would probably be allowed to continue until they were completed.

It may be thought that this matter is being taken too seriously, but no one who has actually seen the work that has been and is being done among the American people along these lines can fail at least to view the matter in serious light, so as to be prepared for eventualities. The whole matter has been skilfully worked along lines independent of the predilections of the individual for one or the other country at war. He or she has been appealed to upon moral, sentimental, or humanitarian grounds, whether pro-Ally or pro-German. The facts of the case have been distorted and many falsities spread abroad, and there is as usual lack of organized effort on the part of the other side to combat this campaign among the middle and far western communities so many thousand miles removed from the scenes of war.

Should Germany succeed in hampering the Allies in any degree through American agencies, either by helping to create friction between the American and English nations, by restricting American export, or by helping to confuse the issues at stake in this war so that a peace unsatisfactory to the Allies be considered possible, the German Government will play along with the *Lusitania* and other controversial matters indefinitely. Should it come to pass in course of time, however, that Germany was convinced her work in America had given and would result in no advantage to her cause in Europe, it seems possible that open warfare with America would be preferred to a state of affairs such as exists at

present, in which the Allies have all the advantage: one which constitutes a most powerful factor in the success
The Fortnightly Review.

of their arms and the comfort and safety of their peoples at home.

James Davenport Whelpley.

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND.

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

XVI. "DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSS-ROADS TO-NIGHT."

Last week we abandoned the rural billets in which we had been remodeling some of our methods (on the experiences gained by our first visit to the trenches), and paraded at full strength for a march which we knew would bring us right into the heart of things. No more trial trips; no more chaperoning! This time, we decided, we were "for it."

During our three weeks of active service we have learned two things—the art of shaking down quickly into our habitation of the moment, as already noted; and the art of reducing our personal effects to a portable minimum.

To the private soldier the latter problem presents no difficulties. Everything is arranged for him. His outfit is provided by the Government, and he carries it himself. It consists of a rifle, bayonet, and a hundred and twenty rounds of ammunition. On one side of him hangs his water-bottle, containing a quart of water, on the other, a haversack, occupied by his "iron ration"—an emergency meal of the tinned variety, which must never on any account be opened except by order of the C.O.—and such private effects as his smoking outfit and an entirely mythical item of refreshment officially known as "the unexpended portion of the day's ration." On his back he carries a "pack," containing his greatcoat, waterproof sheet, and such changes of raiment as a paternal Government allows him. He also has

to find room therein for a towel, housewife, and a modest allowance of cutlery. (He frequently wears the spoon in his stocking, as a skean-dhu.) Round his neck he wears his identity disc. In his breast-pocket he carries a respirator, to be donned in the event of his encountering the twin misfortunes of an east wind and a gaseous Hun. He also carries a bottle of liquid for damping the respirator. In the flap of his jacket is sewn a field dressing.

Slung behind him is an entrenching tool.

Any other space upon his person is at his own disposal, and he may carry what he likes, except "unsoldierly trinkets"—whatever those may be. However, if the passion for self-adornment proves too strong, he may wear "the French National Colors"—a compliment to our gallant ally which is slightly discounted by the fact that her national colors are the same as our own.

However, once he has attached this outfit to his suffering person, and has said what he thinks about its weight, the private has no more baggage worries. Except for his blanket, which is carried on a wagon, he is his own arsenal, wardrobe, and pantry.

Not so the officer. He suffers from *embarras de choix*. He is the victim of his female relatives, who are themselves the victims of those enterprising tradesmen who have adopted the most obvious method of getting rid of otherwise unsaleable goods by labelling everything *For Active Service*—a really

happy thought when you are trying to sell a pipe of port or a manicure set. Have you seen Our Active Service Trouser-Press?

By the end of April Bobby Little had accumulated, with a view to facilitating the destruction of the foe—

An automatic Mauser pistol, with two thousand rounds of ammunition.

A regulation Service revolver.

A camp bed.

A camp table.

A camp chair.

A pneumatic mattress.

[This ingenious contrivance was meant to be blown up, like an air-cushion, and Bobby's servant expended most of the day and much valuable breath in performing the feat. Ultimately, in a misguided attempt to save his lungs from rupture, he employed a bicycle pump, and burst the bed.]

A sleeping (or "flea") bag.

A portable bath.

A portable wash-hand stand.

A dressing-case, heavily ballasted with cut-glass bottles.

A primus stove.

A despatch case.

The "Service" Kipling. (About forty volumes.)

Innumerable socks and shirts.

A box of soap.

Fifty boxes of matches.

A small medicine chest.

About a dozen first-aid outfits.

A case of pipes, and cigarettes innumerable.

[Bobby's aunts regarded cigars as not quite ascetic enough for active service. Besides, they might make him sick.]

About a cubic foot of chocolate (various).

Numerous compressed foods and concentrated drinks.

An "active service" cooking outfit.

An electric lamp, with several refills.

A pair of binoculars.

A telescope.

A prismatic compass.

A sparklet siphon.

A luminous watch.

A pair of insulated wire-cutters.

"There's only one thing you've forgotten," remarked Captain Wagstaffe, when introduced to this unique collection of curios.

"What is that?" inquired Bobby, always eager to learn.

"A pantechicon! Do you know how much personal baggage an officer is allowed, in addition to what he carries himself?"

"Thirty-five pounds."

"Correct."

"It sounds a lot," said Bobby.

"It looks precious little!" was Wagstaffe's reply.

"I suppose they won't be particular to a pound or so," said Bobby optimistically.

"Listen," commanded Wagstaffe. "When we go abroad, your Wolseley valise, containing this"—he swept his hand round the crowded hut—"this military museum, will be handed to the Quartermaster. He is a man of singularly rigid mind, with an exasperating habit of interpreting rules and regulations quite literally. If you persist in this scheme of asking him to pass half a ton of assorted lumber as a package weighing thirty-five pounds, he will cast you forth and remain your enemy for life. And personally," concluded Wagstaffe, "I would rather keep on the right side of my Regimental Quartermaster than of the Commander-in-Chief himself. Now, send all this stuff home—you can use it on manœuvres in peace-time—and I will give you a little list which will not break the baggage-wagon's back."

The methodical Bobby produced a note-book.

"You will require to wash occasionally. Take a canvas bucket, some carbolic soap, and a good big towel. Also your tooth-brush, and—excuse

the question, but do you shave?"

"Twice a week," admitted the blushing Bobby.

"Happy man! Well, take a safety-razor. That will do for cleanliness. Now for clothing. Lots of socks, but only one change of other things, unless you care to take a third shirt in your greatcoat pocket. Two good pairs of boots, and a pair of slacks. Then, as regards sleeping. Your flea-bag and your three Government blankets, with your valise underneath, will keep you (and your little bedfellows) as warm as toast. You may get separated from your valise, though, so take a ground-sheet in your pack. Then you will be ready to dine and sleep simply anywhere, at a moment's notice. As regards comforts generally, take a 'Tommy's cooker,' if you can find room for it, and scrap all the rest of your cuisine except your canteen. Take a few meat lozenges and some chocolate in one of your ammunition-pouches, in case you ever have to go without your breakfast. Rotten work, marching or fighting on a hollow tummy!"

"What about revolvers?" inquired Bobby, displaying his arsenal, a little nervously.

"If the Germans catch you with that Mauser, they will hang you. Take the Webley. Then you can always draw Service ammunition." Wagstaffe ran his eye over the rest of Bobby's outfit. "Smokes? Take your pipe and a tinder-box: you will get baccy and cigarettes to burn out there. Keep that electric torch; and your binoculars, of course. Also that small map-case: it's a good one. Also wire-cutters. You can write letters in your field-message-book. Your compass is all right. Add a pair of canvas shoes—they're a godsend after a long day,—an air-pillow, some candle-ends, a tin of vaseline, and a ball of string, and I think you will do. If you find you

still have a pound or so in hand, add a few books—something to fall back on, in case supplies fail. Personally, I'm taking *Vanity Fair* and *Pickwick*. But then, I'm old-fashioned."

Bobby took Wagstaffe's advice, with the result that that genial obstructionist, the Quartermaster, smiled quite benignly upon him when he presented his valise; while his brother officers, sternly bidden to revise their equipment, were compelled at the last moment to discriminate frantically between the claims of necessity and luxury—often disastrously.

However, we had all found our feet, and developed into seasoned vagabonds when we set out for the trenches last week. A few days previously we had been inspected by Sir John French himself.

"And that," explained Major Kemp to his subalterns, "usually means dirty work at the cross-roads at no very distant period!"

Major Kemp was right—quite literally right.

Our march took us back to an unfortunate town whose sufferings under intermittent shell fire have already been described. We marched by night, and arrived at breakfast-time. The same evening two companies and a section of machine-gunners were bidden to equip themselves with picks and shovels and parade at dusk. An hour later we found ourselves proceeding cautiously along a murky road close behind the trenches.

The big guns were silent, but the snipers were busy on both sides. A German searchlight was combing out the heavens above: a constant succession of star-shells illumined the earth beneath.

"What are we going to do to-night, sir?" inquired Bobby Little, heroically resisting an inclination to duck, as a Mauser bullet spat viciously over his head.

"I believe we are going to dig a redoubt behind the trenches," replied Captain Blaikie. "I expect to meet an R.E. officer somewhere about here, and he will tell us the worst. That was a fairly close one, Bobby! Pass the word down quietly that the men are to keep in to each side of the road, and walk as low as they can. Ah, there is our sportsman, I fancy. Good evening!"

A subaltern of that wonderful corps, the Royal Engineers, loomed out of the darkness, removed a cigarette from his mouth, and saluted politely.

"Good evening, sir," he said to Blaikie. "Will you follow me, please? I have marked out each man's digging position with white tape, so they ought to find no difficulty in getting to work. Brought your machine-gun officer?"

The machine-gun officer, Ayling, was called up.

"We are digging a sort of square fort," explained the Engineer, "to hold a battalion. That will mean four guns to mount. I don't know much about machine-guns myself; so perhaps you"—to Ayling—"will walk round with me outside the position, and you can select your own emplacements."

"I shall be charmed," replied Ayling, and Blaikie chuckled.

"I'll just get your infantry to work first," continued the phlegmatic youth. "This way, sir!"

The road at this point ran through a hollow square of trees, and it was explained to the working-party that the trees, roughly, followed the outlines of the redoubt.

"The trenches are about half-finished," added the Engineer. "We had a party from the Seaforths working here last night. Your men have only to carry on where they left off. It's chiefly a matter of filling sandbags and placing them on the parapet." He pointed to a blurred heap in a

corner of the wood. "There are fifty thousand there. Leave what you don't want!"

"Where do we get the earth to fill the sandbags?" asked Blaikie. "The trenches, or the middle of the redoubt?"

"Oh, pretty well anywhere," replied the Engineer. "Only, warn your men to be careful not to dig too deep!"

And with this dark saying he lounged off to take Ayling for his promised walk.

"I'll take you along the road a bit, first," he said, "and then we will turn off into the field where the corner of the redoubt is, and you can look at things from the outside."

Ayling thanked him, and stepped somewhat higher than usual, as a bullet struck the ground at his feet.

"Extraordinary how few casualties one gets," continued the Sapper chattily. "Their snipers go potting away all night, but they don't often get anybody. By the way, they have a machine-gun trained on this road, but they only loose it off every second night. Methodical beggars!"

"Did they loose it off last night?"

"No. To-night's the night. Have you finished here?"

"Yes, thanks!"

"Righto! We'll go to the next corner. You'll get a first-class field of fire there, I should say."

The second position was duly inspected, the only incident of interest being the bursting of a star-shell directly overhead.

"Better lie down for a minute," suggested the Engineer.

Ayling, who had been struggling with a strong inclination to do so for some time, promptly complied.

"Just like the Crystal Palace on a benefit night!" observed his guide admiringly, as the landscape was lit up with a white glare. "Now you can see your position beautifully. You can fire obliquely in this direction, and

then do a first-class enfilade if the trenches get rushed."

"I see," said Ayling, surveying the position with real interest. He was beginning to enjoy selecting gun-emplacements which really mattered. It was a change from nine months of "eye-wash."

When the German star-shell had spent itself they crossed the road, to the rear of the redoubt, and marked the other two emplacements—in comparative safety now.

"The only trouble about this place," said Ayling, as he surveyed the last position, "is that my fire will be masked by that house, with the clump of trees beside it."

The Engineer produced a small notebook, and wrote in it by the light of a convenient star-shell.

"Righto!" he said. "I'll have the whole caboodle pushed over for you by to-morrow night. Anything else?"

Ayling began to enjoy himself. After you have spent nine months in an unprofitable attempt to combine practical machine-gun tactics with a scrupulous respect for private property, the realization that you may now gratify your destructive instincts to the full comes as a welcome and luxurious shock.

"Thanks," he said. "You might flatten out that haystack, too."

They found the others hard at work when they returned. Captain Blaikie was directing operations from the centre of the redoubt.

"I say," he said, as the Engineer sat down beside him, "I'm afraid we're doing a good deal of body-snatching. This place is absolutely full of little wooden crosses."

"Germans," replied the Engineer laconically.

"How long have they been—here?"

"Since October."

"So I should imagine," said Blaikie, with feeling.

"The crosses aren't much guide, either," continued the Engineer. "The deceased are simply all over the place. The best plan is to dig until you come to a blanket. (There are usually two or three to a blanket.) Then tell off a man to flatten down clay over the place at once, and try somewhere else. It is a rotten job, though, however you look at it."

"Have you been here long?" inquired Bobby Little, who had come across the road for a change of air.

"Long enough! But I'm not on duty continuously. I am Box. Cox takes over to-morrow." He rose to his feet and looked at his watch.

"You ought to move off by half-past one, sir," he said to Blaikie. "It begins to get light after that, and the Bosches have three shells for that cross-road over there down in their time-table at two-fifteen. They're a hide-bound lot, but punctual!"

"Thanks," said Blaikie, "I shall not neglect your advice. It is half-past eleven now. Come along, Bobby, and we'll see how old Ayling is getting on."

Steadily, hour by hour, in absolute silence, the work went on. There was no talking, but (under extenuating circumstances) smoking was permitted. Periodically, as the star-shells burst into brilliance overhead, the workers sank down behind a parapet, or, if there was no time, stood rigid—the one thing to avoid upon these occasions is movement of any kind—and gave the snipers a chance. It was not pleasant, but it was duty; and the word duty has become a mighty force in "K1" these days. No one was hit, which was remarkable, when you consider what an artist a German sniper is. Possibly the light of the star-shells was deceptive, or possibly there is some truth in the general rumor that the Saxons, who hold this part of the line, are well-disposed towards us, and conduct their

offensive operations with a tactful blend of constant firing and bad shooting, which, while it satisfies the Prussians, causes no serious inconvenience to Thomas Atkins.

At a quarter-past one a subdued order ran round the trenches; the men fell in on the sheltered side of the plantation; picks and shovels were checked; rifles and equipment were resumed; and the party stole silently away to the cross-road, where the three shells were timed to arrive at two-fifteen. When they did so, with true Teutonic punctuality, an hour later, our friends were well on their way home to billets and bed—with the dawn breaking behind them, the larks getting to work overhead, and all the infected air of the German graveyard swept out of their lungs by the dew of the morning.

As for that imperturbable philosopher, Box, he sat down with a cigarette, and waited for Cox.

XVII. THE NEW WARFARE.

The trench system has one thing to recommend it. It tidies things up a bit.

For the first few months after the war broke out confusion reigned supreme. Belgium and the north of France were one huge jumbled battlefield, rather like a public park on a Saturday afternoon—one of those parks where promiscuous football is permitted. Friend and foe were inextricably mingled, and the direction of the goal was uncertain. If you rode into a village, you might find it occupied by a Highland regiment or a squadron of Uhlans. If you dimly discerned troops marching side by side with you in the dawning, it was by no means certain that they would prove to be your friends. On the other hand, it was never safe to assume that a battalion which you saw hastily entrenching itself against your approach

was German. It might belong to your own brigade. There was no front and no rear, so direction counted for nothing. The country swarmed with troops which had been left "in the air," owing to their own too rapid advance, or the equally rapid retirement of their supporters; with scattered details trying to rejoin their units; or with despatch riders hunting for a peripatetic Divisional Headquarters. Snipers shot both sides impartially. It was all most upsetting.

Well, as already indicated, the trench system has put all that right. The trenches now run continuously—a long, irregular, but perfectly definite line of cleavage—from the North Sea to the Vosges. Everybody has been carefully sorted out—human beings on one side, Germans on the other. ("Like the Zoo," observes Captain Wagstaffe.) Nothing could be more suitable. *You're there, and I'm here, so what do we care?* in fact.

The result is an agreeable blend of war and peace. This week, for instance, our battalion has been undergoing a sort of rest-cure a few miles from the hottest part of the firing line. (We had a fairly heavy spell of work last week.) In the morning we wash our clothes, and perform a few mild martial exercises. In the afternoon we sleep, in all degrees of *déshabille*, under the trees in an orchard. In the evening we play football, or bathe in the canal, or lie on our backs on the grass, watching our aeroplanes buzzing home to roost, attended by German shrapnel. We could not have done this in the autumn. Now, thanks to our trenches, a few miles away, we are as safe here as in the wilds of Argyllshire or West Kensington.

But there are drawbacks to everything. The fact is, a trench is that most uninteresting of human devices, a compromise. It is neither satisfac-

tory as a domicile nor efficient as a weapon of offence. The most luxurious dug-out; the most artistic window-box—these, in spite of all biased assertions to the contrary, compare unfavorably with a flat in Knights-bridge. On the other hand, the knowledge that you are keeping yourself tolerably immune from the assaults of your enemy is heavily discounted by the fact that the enemy is equally immune from yours. In other words, you “get no forrader” with a trench; and the one thing which we are all anxious to do out here is to bring this war to a speedy and gory conclusion, and get home to hot baths and regular meals.

So a few days ago we were not at all surprised to be informed, officially, that trench-life is to be definitely abandoned, and Hun-hustling to begin in earnest.

(To be just, this decision was made months ago: the difficulty was to put it into execution. The winter weather was dreadful. The enemy were many and we were few. In Germany, the devil's forge at Essen was roaring night and day: in Great Britain, Trades Union bosses were carefully adjusting the respective claims of patriotism and personal dignity before taking their coats off. So we cannot lay our want of progress to the charge of that dogged band of Greathearts which has been holding on, and holding on, and holding on—while the people at home were making up for lost time—ever since the barbarian was hurled back from the Marne to the Aisne and confined behind his earthen barrier. We shall win this war one day, and most of the credit will go, as usual, to those who are in at the finish. But—when we assign the glory and the praise, let us not forget those who stood up to the first rush. The new armies which are pouring across the Channel this month

will bring us victory in the end. Let us bare our heads, then, in all reverence, to the memory of those battered, decimated, indomitable legions which saved us from utter extinction at the beginning.)

The situation appears to be that if we get through—and no one seems to doubt that we shall: the difficulty lies in staying there when you have got through—we shall be committed at once to an endless campaign of village-fighting. This country is as flat as Cambridgeshire. Every yard of it is under cultivation. The landscape is dotted with farm-steadings. There is a group of cottages or an *estaminet* at every cross-roads. When our great invading line sweeps forward, each one of these buildings will be held by the enemy, and must be captured, house by house, room by room, and used as a base for another rush.

And how is this to be done?

Well, it will be no military secret by the time these lines appear. It is no secret now. The answer to the conundrum is—Bombs!

To-day, out here, bombs are absolutely *dernier cri*. We talk of nothing else. We speak about rifles and bayonets as if they were so many bows and arrows. It is true that the modern Lee-Enfield and Mauser claim to be the most precise and deadly weapons of destruction ever devised. But they were intended for proper, gentlemanly warfare, with the opposing sides set out in straight lines, a convenient distance apart. In the hand-to-hand butchery which calls itself war to-day, the rifle is rapidly becoming *démodé*. For long ranges you require machine-guns; for short, bombs and hand-grenades. Can you empty a cottage by firing a single rifle-shot in at the door? Can you exterminate twenty Germans in a fortified back-parlor by a single thrust with a bayonet? Never! But you can

do both these things with a jam-tin stuffed with dynamite and scrap-iron.

So the bomb has come to its own, and has brought with it certain changes—tactical, organic, and domestic. To take the last first, the bomb-officer, hitherto a despised underling, popularly (but maliciously) reputed to have been appointed to his present post through inability to handle a platoon, has suddenly attained a position of dazzling eminence. From being a mere super, he has become a star. In fact, he threatens to dispute the pre-eminence of that other regimental parvenu, the Machine-Gun Officer. He is now the confidant of Colonels, and consorts upon terms of easy familiarity with Brigade Majors. He holds himself coldly aloof from the rest of us, brooding over the greatness of his responsibilities; and when he speaks, it is to refer darkly to “detonators,” and “primers,” and “time-fuses.” And we, who once addressed him derisively as “Anarchist,” crowd round him and hang upon his lips.

The reason is that in future it is to be a case of—“For every man, a bomb or two”; and it is incumbent upon us, if we desire to prevent these infernal machines from exploding while yet in our custody, to attain the necessary details as to their construction and tender spots by the humiliating process of conciliating the Bomb Officer.

So far as we have mastered the mysteries of the craft, there appear to be four types of bomb in store for us—or rather, for Brother Bosche. They are:—

- (1) The hair-brush.
- (2) The cricket-ball.
- (3) The policeman's truncheon.
- (4) The jam-tin.

The hair-brush is very like the ordinary hair-brush, except that the bristles are replaced by a solid block of high-explosive. The policeman's trun-

cheon has gay streamers of tape tied to its tail, to ensure that it falls to the ground nose downwards. Both these bombs explode on impact, and it is unadvisable to knock them against anything—say the back of the trench—when throwing them. The cricket-ball works by a time-fuse. Its manipulation is simplicity itself. The removal of a certain pin releases a spring which lights an internal fuse, timed to explode the bomb in five seconds. You take the bomb in your right hand, remove the pin, and cast the thing madly from you. The jam-tin variety appeals more particularly to the sportsman, as the element of chance enters largely into its successful use. It is timed to explode about ten seconds after the lighting of the fuse. It is therefore unwise to throw it too soon, as there will be ample time for your opponent to pick it up and throw it back. On the other hand, it is unwise to hold on too long, as the fuse is uncertain in its action, and is given to short cuts.

Such is the tactical revolution promised by the advent of the bomb and other new engines of war. As for its effect upon regimental and company organization, listen to the plaintive voice of Major Kemp—

“I was once—only a few months ago—commander of a company of two hundred and fifty disciplined soldiers. I still nominally command that company, but they have developed into a heterogeneous mob of specialists. If I detail one of my subalterns to do a job of work, he reminds me that he is a bomb-expert, or a professor of sandbagging, or director of the knuckle-duster section, or Lord High Thrower of Stinkpots, and as such has no time to play about with such a common thing as a platoon. As for the men, they simply laugh in the sergeant-major's face. They are ‘experts,’ if you please, and are struck

off all fatigues and company duty! It was bad enough when Ayling pinched fourteen of my best men for his filthy machine-guns; now, the company has practically degenerated into an academy of variety artists. The only occasion upon which I ever see them all together is pay-day!"

Meanwhile, the word has just gone forth, quietly and without fuss, that we are to uproot ourselves from our present billets, and be ready to move at 5 A.M. to-morrow morning.

Is this the Big Push at last?

II.

We have been waiting for the best part of two days and nights listening to the thunder of the big guns, but as yet we have received no invitation to "butt in."

"Plenty of time yet," explains Captain Blaikie to his subalterns, in reply to Bobby Little's expressions of impatience. "It's this way. We start by 'isolating' a section of the enemy's line, and pound it with artillery for about forty-eight hours. Then the guns knock off, and the people in front rush the German first-line trenches. After that they rush on to their second and third lines; and if they can capture and *hold them*—well, that's where the fun comes in. We go for all we are worth through the gaps the others have made, and carry on the big push, and keep the Bosches on the run until they drop in their tracks! That's the situation. If we are called up to-night or to-morrow, it will mean that things are going well. If not, it means that the attack has failed—or, very likely, has succeeded, but it has been found impossible to secure the position—and a lot of good chaps have been scuppered, all for nothing."

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III.

Next morning has arrived, and with it the news that our services will not be required. The attack, it appears, was duly launched, and succeeded beyond all expectations. The German line was broken, and report says that four Divisions poured through the gap. They captured the second-line trenches, then the third; and penetrated far into the enemy's rear.

Then—from their front and flanks, artillery and machine-guns opened fire upon them. They were terribly exposed; possibly they had been lured into a trap. At any rate, the process of "isolation" had not been carried far enough. One thing, and only one thing, could have saved them from destruction and their enterprise from disaster—the support of big guns, and big guns, and more big guns. These could have silenced the hostile tornado of shrapnel and bullets, and the position could have been made good.

But—apparently the supply of big-gun ammunition is not quite so copious as it might be. We have only been at war ten months, and people at home are still a little dazed with the novelty of the situation. Out here, we are reasonable men, and we realize that it requires some time to devise a system for supplying munitions which shall hurt the feelings of no pacifist, which shall interfere with no man's holiday or glass of beer, which shall insult no honest toiler by compelling him to work side by side with those who are not of his industrial tabernacle, and which shall imperil no statesman's seat in Parliament. Things will be all right presently.

Meanwhile, the attacking party fell back whence they came—but no longer four full Divisions.

THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

BY ALICE PERRIN.

CHAPTER XIII.

Caroline had judged correctly. Uncle Francis and, ostensibly, Aunt Rose as well, at once concluded that their niece had had her own reasons for refusing Mr. Maturin; the uncle even playfully apologized for his attempt to drive her into reconsideration of what had seemed to him her folly. His approbation of this unexpected outcome would almost have inclined her to go back upon the whole affair, but that her knowledge of his ignorance of the truth was a source to Caroline of secret triumph. Next morning, after Severn's interview with him, he pinched her ear, and told her she had hoodwinked him completely—little cat! (He could not know that this was actually the case.)

"Everything seems satisfactory," Francis told his wife; "the fellow's saved quite a lot of money, and has got it well invested. He says he'll settle it all on Carol, and he's willing to insure his life as well. His father died when he was a child and his mother married again, and he's got no poor relations to support."

"What was his father?" Rose inquired. "Did you ask him?"

"No, I didn't think of it. Anyway, what does it matter? Severn's all right as far as Carol is concerned—he's a sahib and in a good service, and there's nothing against him, officially or morally. She's a deuced lucky girl, though I shouldn't care to marry the chap myself. In her place, of the two I should have preferred old Maturin. But you can't account for tastes."

Rose remarked that at least Mr. Severn was younger and better-looking than Mr. Maturin; and Francis agreed, but added that he was such a queer beggar—"he never says a word

more than he can help, and he always gives me the impression that he's got something up his sleeve. I should think he'd keep his wife in order, and in return I hope she'll mend his manners."

Rose asked Caroline no questions; she was affectionate and kind, and said how pleased she was, and that she thought Mr. Severn would make a good husband; and Caroline replied, composedly, that she was sure he would. The whole station was agreed as to the suitability of the engagement, and the news cured Mrs. Watts of her attack of fever. There still was hope for Stella now that Miss Gordon was disposed of; she wrote to Calcutta for the latest book on ants, and invited Mr. Maturin to dinner.

During the next few days, until Francis again left Ranapore, Rose quietly observed the pair. Neither of them gave evidence of deep attachment, and they made no effort to be much alone. In the early mornings there were riding lessons. Severn found a quiet pony for Carol; he said she ought to learn to ride, and her progress was the chief topic of conversation when they met again at breakfast. Quite naturally the man took his place as an admitted member of the household, accepting Rose's invitation to join them always at their meals. Until the evenings he was generally in his camp, at work, and they often did not see him till he appeared for dinner. As far as Rose could tell, little love-making went on; it was apparently a very calm and unromantic understanding. Even when he had to go back into the district, shortly after Francis had departed, he and Carol sat with her, content and practical, the night before he was to march, and

talked about the arrangements for the wedding.

They supposed they would be married by Mr. Arpen in the little mission church. Rose inquired when they wanted to be married, and wondered privately if, in fact, they really wanted to be married at all.

"At the beginning of the hot weather," said Severn, instead of, as might have been expected, "as soon as possible."

Then he explained his reasons. Mr. Wendover would be wanted at headquarters in the hills—there seemed no reason to doubt that he himself would remain on in charge of the district, and if Mrs. Wendover agreed they could take the house, and what servants she did not require, until the following cold weather.

"That would suit us very well," said Rose, "and save you both a lot of trouble. I know Carol would take care of all my things."

"Oh yes, of course," said Carol, "and in the meantime I must learn all I can about housekeeping. You'll teach me, won't you, Aunt Rose?"

Rose promised, and Severn recommended study of the language.

"You'll find it so much easier to run your part of the show if you can understand the servants, and make them understand you, and then you won't be always bothering me," he added, looking at her with a smile; and Carol gave a gentle little laugh, and said she meant to do her best.

Truly they were a very sensible, prosaic couple. Rose's thoughts went back involuntarily to that afternoon in London when she had advocated wisdom and forethought to a very different lover. The vision rose in her mind of Falconer, tall and fair and selfishly impetuous, looking down with ardent eyes at Carol shrinking in the corner of the sofa, her face white with repressed emotion. . . . Had she quite

forgotten? What would happen if she ever met the man again? Here was Severn standing just as Falconer had stood that day, before the fireplace, but dark, impassive, self-contained; and Carol, sitting so collected and agreeable, as unmoved by the discussion as though she had been married twenty years!

They went into a few more details concerning orders for the trousseau, letters to relations, where the honeymoon should be spent.

"Camp," said Severn shortly, "if Carol doesn't mind. We can go up to the foot of the hills—to Dwara; the big fair will be on about then, and I shall have to be on the spot. It won't be too hot up there by then, in tents."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Caroline, cheerfully accommodating. "I think it would be very nice."

"We could send on our camp and join it by train," planned Severn; and then for a moment his eyes rested on Caroline with a curious expression. Rose, in trying to define it to herself, could not decide its nature; there was no impatience, hardly, even, tender warmth—it was more a kind of fixity of person, as though he had a mental programme that he meant to carry through with care and judgment, and with earnest object. It was the expression of a man who had entered on a long and waiting game.

When he said good-bye a little later he was cordial in his thanks to Mrs. Wendover for all her kindness, but there was no attempt at private leave-taking with Caroline, no reluctant, lingering farewell. They kissed each other openly, without embarrassment, and he left the room as calmly as though their parting was a case of hours instead, perhaps, of weeks.

The time passed pleasantly and smoothly for both aunt and niece while Severn was away. Caroline's

behavior was contentedly correct, she was much more like the Caroline that Rose had found in London on her arrival there a year ago—amiable, considerate, alert to help in everyday domestic duties; and she showed the keenest interest in the details of Indian household management. At her request Rose let her take the cook's account, she saw the fowls and cows and goats and horses fed each morning, went the round of garden, stable, compound, made out lists of stores that must be ordered from Bombay, and herself engaged a munshi to teach her Hindustani. Her sense and capability were undeniable, and with encouragement and help from her astonished aunt she soon became proficient in the details of domestic duties. Every other day she wrote to Severn, always careful not to miss the post; and she was genuinely delighted with the ring he sent her—a fine half-hoop of diamonds, the magnificence of which was startling to Rose, though she kept her wonder to herself.

And the trousseau gave them much to think and talk of. On her marriage Caroline would have a little sum of money as the orphan of an Indian Army officer, and she expressed a wish to keep within it for her clothes. But Uncle Francis, moved to generosity by reason of his pleased approval, promised money as his present; and Sir James and Lady Wendover were anxious also to contribute what they could afford towards their dearest Carol's outfit. There came letters of congratulation from the kind old Sunday-luncheon-friends who had known her from her childhood, and were all so pleased to think she should have found a husband and a home in India—so suitable and right. They were sending wedding presents. And the Gordon side wrote, half-relieved, half-envious of her luck; it was all so fortunate, so satisfactory. Mrs. Willie Jerrold

wrote with patronizing benediction from her superior height of prosperous importance. Carol would now realize the value of the married state and how much depended on a wife, though, of course, she would not have the thousand claims upon her that Mrs. Willie had to cope with, the notes and invitations, the calls, At Homes, and dinners, and the entertaining; not to mention all she had to do with charitable functions. Her maid, who was a treasure, had remarked, only that morning, that she really worked as hard as any duchess! She trusted Carol would be happy, and she was sending her a pair of vases that she hoped would not look too handsome in an Indian drawing-room.

Carol, so to speak, was patted on the back by everyone. The general approbation inevitably affected her demeanor; she wore an air of self-complacency that Rose noted with amusement, though she encouraged it with craft, knowing well the value and the strength of such support. It all reminded her so sharply of her own experience when she had accepted Francis.

On Severn's side, when he returned from camp, no family felicitations seemed to be forthcoming beyond a letter and an unimportant cheque from an uncle in the North of England, the only relative, said Severn curtly, to whom he owed the smallest obligation. Once when Rose, impelled by curiosity, made reference to his mother, Severn's face had darkened, and it was clear that for some reason she had passed out of his life. Caroline admitted that he never spoke of her—she told her aunt she thought it had to do with Mrs. Severn's second marriage; she was not sure. . . . In any case the subject did not seem to interest or trouble her.

So the weeks went by without par-

ticular event till the cold weather melted into warmer nights and days, and there came slight indications that the dreaded season was approaching. The glare grew stronger, dazzling in the daytime, though the early mornings still were fresh and cool; the dust lay thicker, water was more often needed to fill the little squares of yellow soil that formed the garden; heavier fragrance floated in the air, and new bird-notes rang high and plaintive from the trees and shrubs. Indoors the insects were more active, and the lizards on the walls grew fat.

The marriage was a simple, tranquil ceremony in the little mission church that was barely big enough to hold the guests, for everybody flocked into the station for the wedding; and afterwards they all collected in the Wendovers' cool and lofty bungalow. They drank champagne and ate a cake that had come straight from Buszards', and threw rice and shoes when the newly married pair departed from the station in a rajah's carriage.

To Caroline it all seemed like a dream. Mr. Arpen's droning voice pronouncing every syllable distinctly, the hard, white light that fell through the high windows of the bare building, the smell of bats and native Christians that impregnated the atmosphere; the figure beside her of the man, who gave his answers clearly and without emotion, and the thick gold ring he placed upon her finger. Then a confused impression of congratulating people, Uncle Francis giving orders, and Aunt Rose's eyes, blue and soft and rather misty, Mr. Maturin magnanimous, paternal, and Mr. Stafford sportive and absurd; the crowd of servants and spectators as they whirled through the compound and out on to the dusty road.

She saw the face of little Banu, her black eyes dancing with excitement as they passed, and the child threw a yel-

low marigold into her lap, with a shrill shout of "Chalaam, memsahib, chalaam!" She held the flower loosely in her hand—how bright it looked against her white linen skirt! Yes, now she was a "memsahib"—Mrs. Severn—for years and years to come her existence would be linked with India, and always she would belong to John, and he to her—that she must remember—he was her husband; all her interests and thoughts and actions must be one with his, her place in life was definite, her obligations clear.

Furtively she glanced at him; his face was grave, his profile set, and the frown was more pronounced than ever; but when he turned his eyes were smiling, and he laid his hand on hers, crushing the yellow marigold that made a stain upon her dress.

"You don't regret!" he asked half-tenderly, half-lightly, and with a shade of self-excuse.

"Oh no," she answered, "no, of course, I don't." She spoke in hasty reassurance as she might have spoken had he put her to some passing inconvenience; she felt polite and ineffectual, helpless in her new position. "I hope," she added nervously, "I shan't be disappointing."

"Don't talk like that!" he said in almost sharp reproach. "If I can make you happy, that is all I want."

His manner stirred her to reciprocation. She already had the sense of partnership, of property, that comes with marriage if the contract lies between two people straight of promise and intention. She might have felt the same if Mr. Maturin had been beside her. Yet she would have lacked the thrill of unacquaintance with his mental habit. Mr. Maturin was like a published book, she knew his limitations, his kind and simple outlook, just what he would expect; but in her husband there were depths unknown to her that she must set herself to learn and un-

derstand, and this perception lured her. She had seen so little of him hitherto, and their companionship, though intimate and friendly, had hardly been that of lovers. It was rather as if both had recognized a pleasant compact that had less to do with heart than with will and inclination.

"Then that's all right!" he answered; there was quick relief, a sort of grateful approbation in his voice, but at the moment he could not say more; they had dashed beneath the station portico, causing high sensation among a crowd of yelling coolies and distracted native passengers, for the train had just come in.

The bride and bridegroom had no heavy luggage, everything had gone ahead by road with Severn's camp, and the journey would be short—as Indian journeys go. They made their way on to the platform through a dense and clamoring mass of turbaned people, some arriving, some departing, all pushing, jostling, shouting. The din was dreadful, the air was thick with Oriental odors, spice and garlic, camphor, musk, and sandal-wood, dirty garments, rotting fruit. From the windows of their carriage, which had been reserved, Caroline stood gazing at the seething Eastern concourse. When first she came to India all natives had appeared to her alike, a puggaree with a dark, impressive face beneath it, and eyes that in the West would have commanded wondering admiration for their shape, and size, and lashes. It had not occurred to her to mark distinctions, and John surprised her now by saying that he never wearied of an Indian crowd, was always fascinated by its variations, its color, and its movement, so soft-footed yet so blindly persevering in its course; its garb that, with occasional exceptions, had not changed for countless ages. He pointed out to her the different types of caste and creed and

tribe that surged along the platform. An Afghan with his Jewish features and his conscious pride of strength and stature dressed in long, loose garments, that suggested prophets, priests, and kings. A Rajput soldier going home on leave, unmistakable by reason of his swagger and his turban, though he travelled in undress that corresponded to the Western "shirt-sleeves." A Brahmin priest went by with shaven skull and yellow robe, aloof, austere, remote in learning from the herd about him, a veritable "Wise man from the East"; and a holy beggar whose acceptance of donations, whether food or alms, conferred a valued favor on the giver. Then bewildered bands of villagers and pilgrims who grasped each other's clothes and fingers, bearing bundles on their heads, squeezing without question into carriages already crammed, in which the high-born sat beside the lowly, unconcerned—for the railway has done more to level caste than all the Western teaching in the land.

A stout, important person, in white drill and a pith helmet, came bustling along, shoving, scolding, giving orders, till he reached the door of the compartment reserved for Mr. Severn and his bride. It was the stationmaster, Mr. Roderick MacSand, who desired to offer his congratulations to the newly-wedded pair, and to ascertain that Mrs. Severn had all that she required. He beamed in dusky and respectful admiration at the lady, and handed her a tight bouquet of red roses—with a carefully-considered speech.

"I am hoping, Sir and Madam, that you will have unbridled happiness!" he said.

They acknowledged his polite attention, and Severn inquired for Miss MacSand.

"She is up-hill, in Simla!" he replied proudly. "Mrs. Captain Ray she got t'ree little ones, and our Lassie she is

gowness — getting twenty rupees!"

Then the babel on the platform slackened, and the droning cries diminished of the sweetmeat-sellers, water-carriers, vendors of tobacco, pan, and tea. The train with its heavy human burden moved slowly from the close and echoing station, out into the mellow Indian afternoon.

For the first few moments Caroline sat silent by the window. She saw a group of nearly naked children clustered on the level-crossing gate. Their skins shone warm like copper, they raised shrill, excited shouts, and one of them was brandishing a stick tipped with a rag of scarlet cotton. The ugly railway bungalows, hung with dusty purple creepers, glided by; then a squalid native quarter, just a huddle of mud wall and tattered thatch and refuse, yet redeemed by bits of color, blue and crimson petticoats and wrappers laid along the roofs to dry, and brick-red water-vessels on the thresholds, and the sunlight shooting golden shafts into dim interiors. . . . Yet she noticed nothing, was hardly even conscious of her husband's presence, for the sudden sight of old MacSand had summoned to her recollection the evening of the railway concert. Desperately she strove to banish from her mind the vision of his daughter with her violin, standing straight and slender on the stage, and the echo of the melody that, though played with imperfection, held for Caroline such poignant reminiscence—that still could stab her spirit. Rebellion rose within her against its intervention at the very outset of her new and unfamiliar life. It seemed to her a fateful stumble on the road she had begun to travel with such confidence and good intent. So keenly did she wish to do her best, to meet the future free of afterthought and vain regret, that she had tried to put the past far from her; with determined, ruthless fingers she had

crumbled up the dry, dead sprig of purple heather pressed between the pages of her Bible, and had thrown away the atoms, and with them, as she thought and hoped, all painful retrospection. Now she felt dismayed, discouraged, and a sort of angry terror gripped her heart, darkening the prospect of the years to come. Involuntarily she turned to Severn with beseeching eyes.

He drew her gently to him. "It's a big step," he said with feeling. "I know—I understand."

And though she saw he took her sadness for a natural depression caused by severance from old associations and the ending of her girlhood, she found solace in his effort to console her. She clung to him as if for refuge from herself. An impulse urged her to confide in him, to tell her story—but it passed; her innate reserve and caution held her silent. What purpose would it serve? The result could only be to magnify its import, perhaps to shake his trust; it might raise a cloud between them that would hamper all her projects, since she meant to do her part sincerely to make their marriage a success.

So she kept her secret; but she cried a little in his arms and let him soothe her; the burden seemed to lighten, and presentiment grew faint. They both felt nearer to each other in their hearts.

The train rolled forward, through the boundless Indian landscape, passing sleepy villages that nestled amid mango-groves and plantain trees, and plummy, green bamboos, surrounded by their little seas of crops, wheat and barley, millet, pulses. Sometimes between the trunks of mighty trees they would glimpse the broad white road, dotted with travellers, all bound for Dwara, parties of pilgrims packed in bullock-carts, or tramping through the dust, or riding ponies little more than

foals. Again they seemed to drill through tracts of lonely jungle as they reached the upland, traversed sudden sandy patches, bare and desolate, with boulders standing up in weird fantastic outline, till, like gigantic ramparts, the hills began to tower above them. It was night when they arrived at Dwara, at the little roadside station, that struck a note so strangely modern and incongruous in a region that from dawn of Hindu history had been

sacred to the gods—a holy place of pilgrimage and worship, where at certain seasons millions flocked from every quarter to wash away their sins in Mother Gunga's waters, fresh descended from her Himalayan fount.

Severn's trap was waiting, and they drove for half a mile along a rough and sandy road to where their camp was pitched among some trees; and by the light of swaying lanterns they passed into their tents.

(*To be continued.*)

RUFUS CHOATE—ADVOCATE.

BY HIS HONOR JUDGE PARRY.

Rufus Choate was to America the typical great advocate. As Curran was to Ireland, as Erskine was to England, so was Choate to America; greater than Pinkney, Prentiss, Hoffman, or even Daniel Webster himself. Richard H. Dana voiced the feeling of the American Bar in a memorable tribute to his memory when he said: "The great conqueror, unseen and irresistible, has broken into our temple and has carried off the vessels of gold, the vessels of silver, the precious stones, and the ivory, and we must content ourselves hereafter with vessels of wood and stone and iron."

Rufus Choate was born in Ipswich, Massachusetts, in 1790, and died a barrister, having refused judicial honors, at the early age of sixty. From his youth upward he was devoted to advocacy. He lived for his profession, and never ceased to be an earnest student of his art. For him jurisprudence was, in Justinian's phrase, "the knowledge of things divine and human, the science of what is just and unjust." He was a very widely read man; but everything he learned and read he adapted to the uses of advocacy. He was enthusiastic in his love of his

trade. He had often on his lips the words of Archbishop Hooker: "Of law no less can be said than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the spheres; all things in heaven and earth do her reverence: the greatest as needing her protection, the meanest as not afraid of her power." When a young student remarked to him that the study of law became less dry as one learned to know more about it, and that a man might absolutely learn to like it, he replied with generous impatience: "Like it! there is nothing else to like in all the world."

Choate was, however, not only a natural and gifted advocate, but a man who had devoted every hour of industry to the profession he loved. From earliest schooldays he was a great reader, doing little in the football-field; and yet through the lovable nature of the boy he was not separated from his schoolfellows through pedantry or conceit. Throughout life he would insist that "in literature you find ideas; there one should daily replenish his stock." He was a careful reader of the English Bible, and quoted from it constantly in speaking.

All the speeches of the English orators were well known to him, and he regarded Grattan with great admiration, though Brougham he would not admit to be a real orator. He was equally widely read in history, poetry, and the classics. "Soak your mind with Cicero," was a favorite phrase of his in giving advice to the younger generation of law students.

But we must not suppose that these miscellaneous pursuits were indulged in to the neglect of his mistress, the law. It is not easy to find in legal biography instances of greater devotion to the study of the law. He carried out Lord Eldon's maxim, and knew what it was "to live like a hermit and work like a horse"; and both in length of hours and—what is of far greater importance—interest and attention to the meaning of what he read, he was a model student. Thus when as a young man of twenty-four he entered the Courts, it was said of him that he was a "full-grown lawyer, jurist, advocate, and, more than all, *man* at the start."

He was a great believer in reading with a pen in hand that notes might be made without delay of new discoveries. Literature he read for ideas, words, and phrases to fill out and decorate his orations. Law he read as the foundation of his life-work with an energy and enthusiasm that never slackened. Only a few years before his death, a friend found him poring over a folio. "I am reading over again Coke upon Littleton," he said. "He is an enthusiast in the old law, and I want him to inspire my enthusiasm; for it would be dreadful, you know, to lose one's interest in the profession to which a man is going to devote the last ten years of his life." One cannot picture to oneself an advocate of to-day burnishing his well-to-do wits with Coke upon Littleton.

The stories of the industry and

energy of Rufus Choate are very inspiring, but they do not solve for us the interesting problem of the sources of his power as an advocate. The advocate, like the actor, passes out of the world's ken when his last speech is made. Now and then you get one of the audience gifted, like Charles Lamb, to describe to you in a few words what the actor really was like, and his portrait remains for all time. Such records are rare about actors, and still rarer about advocates. You have their reported speeches; but the method of delivery, the voice, gesture, and soul, whereby the advocate endowed his speech with life, beauty, and force—these things can only be gathered by our own imagination through dull second-hand histories.

Of the personal appearance of an advocate something may be learned by portraits or engravings. I feel sure that it is advisable for an advocate to be good-looking, and therefore I feel sure Rufus Choate must have been good-looking in some kind of way, though the pictures I have seen of him are not convincing. That he had a striking personality is undoubted. "No one who ever saw him could ever forget him," was said of him more than once. Edward Parker, his faithful pupil, writing with Sancho-like fidelity of the fascinating beauty of his youth, speaks of "that dark, Spanish, Hidalgo-looking head, covered with thick raven curls, which the daughters of the black-eyed races might have envied; and the flash of his own sad eyes, sad but burning with Italian intensity."

From this portrait we may turn to the rough caricature of a Yankee "down-easter," if we desire to see something of the advocate himself as he appeared to the crowd at the back of the Court who flocked in to listen to his orations.

"Rufus Choate is a picture to look

at, and a crowder to spout. He is about seven feet six, or six feet seven, in his socks, supple as an eel, and wiry as a cork-screw. His face is a compound of wrinkles, 'yaller janders,' and jurisprudence. He has small, keen, piercing black eyes, and a head shaped like a mammoth goose-egg, big end up; his hair black and curly, much resembling a bag of wool in 'admirable disorder,' or a brush-heap in a gale of wind. His body has no particular shape, and his wit and legal 'dodges' have set many a judge in a snicker, and so confounded jurors as to make it almost impossible for them to speak plain English.

"Rufus is great on twisting and colling himself up, squirming around, and prancing, jumping, and kicking up the dust, when steam's up. His oratory is first-rate, and his arguments ingenious and forcible. He generally makes a ten-strike¹—judge and jury down—at the end of every sentence. He is great on flowery expressions and high falootin 'flub-dubs.' Strangers mostly think he is crazy, and the rest scarcely understand what it is about. He has been in the Senate, and may be, if he has time to fish for it, President of the United States. He invoices his time and eloquence four thousand per cent over ordinary charges for having one's self put through a course of law. Rufus Choate is about fifty years of age, perhaps over. He is considered the ablest lawyer in New England, or perhaps in the United States."

The writer of this was evidently a man of discernment, for if there were a weak point in Choate's advocacy it was his fondness of "flub-dubs," if, as I gather, these are high-sounding words of low-sense power. He delighted in "long-tailed words in -osity and -ation," and these he would drag in, however humble the theme on which he was speaking. Moreover, aliteration had a great fascination for

him. Thus, on a celebrated occasion in a very trumpery case, he described some harness that his client had sold as "a safe, sound, substantial, suitable, second-rate, second-hand harness." Albert Terrell, a decadent whom he defended for murder, was "this fond, foolish, fickle, fated, and infatuated Albert."

But one must not suppose these are fair samples of his style. The English of his orations is generally pure and of a literary flavor. He began in the true school. At a very early age—some say six years old—he could recite pages of "Pilgrim's Progress" and chapters of the Bible. Throughout his life he read, as we have said, pen in hand in order to increase his vocabulary and add to his knowledge of language. A speaker he thought should "daily exercise and air his vocabulary and seek to add to and enrich it." He was a great classical scholar, and well read in literature; but he had also a love of dictionaries, and would study them for the purpose of "filling up and fertilizing his diction." These experiments led him into strange verbal adventures.

A good story is told of one Mr. Justice Wilde, who, being dry, precise, and formal in his methods, little appreciated the whirlwind eloquence of Choate. On one occasion, just before the opening of Court, when Choate was to argue a case, and they were waiting for him, a member of the Bar asked the judge if he had heard that Mr. Worcester had just published a new edition of his dictionary with a great number of additional words in it.

"No!" replied Mr. Justice Wilde, "I have not heard of it. But for Heaven's sake don't tell Choate."

But although the exuberance of his verbosity was at times wearisome to his professional brethren the juries were never tired of listening to him, and the public crowded in to hear his

¹ In America, the game of nine-pins being prohibited, the game of ten-pins took its place. A ten-strike is a ball that knocks down all the pins. Hans Breitmann refers to the joy of making a ten-strike.

speeches. He labored all his days to obtain the full feeling and sense of words spoken in advocacy, and the testimony of those who heard him is overwhelming that to have been in Court with Rufus Choate when, to use his own phrase, he "got /his throat open," must have been a glorious experience.

There was no following in his footsteps, and many tried to discount the moral effect of his flights of eloquence by a studied humility of style. The best instance of such an effort was an opening by one Jeremiah Mason, a witty member of the Bar, who, when Choate after a magnificent oration had thrown himself exhausted on the bench, arose with blunt, homely smiling cunning, and in a broad accent, said: "Gentlemen of the jury, I don't know as I can *gyrate* afore you as my brother Choate does; but I want to just state a few pints."

Choate was a great defender of prisoners. He had none of that hesitation that has burdened the minds of some advocates as to how far it was the duty of an advocate to undertake a case he did not believe in. In his view "a counsel ought not to think anything about or know anything about whether his client is right or not; he ought only to think what can legitimately legally be said for him—what, according to the accepted principles of our law, is the legal defence." In this he followed the principles of Brougham and Erskine. But though of sturdy independence and no respecter of persons, in his attitude towards the Bench and his opponents, especially his juniors, he was a model advocate. Until the case was actually opened he was a most uncertain starter, and his juniors' chief and most arduous duty was to get him into Court. Once there, and when like a tiger he had tasted blood, nothing would drag him from the contest.

Records say, and probably with truth, that he was a wonderful advocate with juries. His methods were sound, and a young advocate might do worse than read and consider his ways. The jury to him was the elemental substance of a real trial. He cherished with tenacious affection the origin, history, and functions of a jury—in which matters he was nobly learned. He loved to discourse on the necessity of the agreement of the twelve, the presumption of innocence, the right of cross-examination, and the open hearing in Court with almost theological fervor. It was small wonder, then, that the actual twelve men he addressed found themselves transubstantiated from twelve common men into a great social and historic entity. As one writer says: "He did not argue very many great cases, but he made many little ones great." For the keynote of his success in advocacy was his eternal sincerity—a deep, great genuine sincerity. When this and his natural and acquired gifts are once understood, passages descriptive of his speaking that sound like hyperbole may be indeed even short of the truth.

The Reverend Dr. Hitchcock, President of the Union Theological Seminary in New York, whose friendship with Choate began in the pleasant hunting-ground of an antiquarian bookstore, has left behind a fine picture of the charm of his eloquence.

"Certainly," he writes, "Rufus Choate seldom failed to carry his point with any jury, or any popular assembly. He caught men up and swept them along, as the wind sweeps leaves and dust. Whoever seeks to know the secret of this will find it pre-eminently in the innermost essential character of the man. He was pure, and just, and true, and tender, so that whatever he said commended, and still commends, itself to what is best and highest in our common nature. He was not only thoroughly good, but his goodness

was fine and chivalric. The fascination was moral. The heart was captured first, and after that the imagination. His marvellous fertility of invention, wealth of allusion, and swift succession of inimitable felicities of thought and diction never seemed like devices to blind and betray the judgment, but came as naturally as the bloom of fruit-trees, or the foam of crested waves. His voice was one of a thousand, of ten thousand rather, now like a flute for softness, and now like a clarion."

One of his wise sayings to his younger friends was: "That in a speech to a jury the first moments were the great moments for the advocate. Then the attention is all on the alert, the ears are quicker, the mind receptive." A jury, he urged, at the beginning want to know what your case is about; they try and get hold of your leading notion. At the outset you want to strike into their minds a good solid general view of your case. To those who have watched a jury, all eagerness at first, dropping their attention as they are overwhelmed with dates and facts and extracts from letters instead of a broad statement of the case, Choate's advice seems worth recalling. "If," he said emphatically, "you haven't got hold of them, got their convictions at least open, in your first half-hour or hour, you will never get at them at all." Truly Choate had much to teach that some of us have still to learn.

In the same way he had a real detestation of riding several horses at once and never quite knowing which he was on. In every case he sought after the real point of the case, and had one central commanding theory. Then in weaving and winding the threads of facts he made his theory the hub around which everything had to revolve. This, too, is an eternal fact of advocacy which is apt to be forgotten in these hustled days.

As a cross-examiner, too, he had the gist of the matter in him. He never assaulted a witness or browbeat him, well understanding human nature and knowing that by unmannerly violence he would only arouse sympathy in the minds of the jury with the witness rather than the advocate. But he had his own methods of dealing with the evil-doer, and of one such it is told us that "he did not call him hard names, but covered him over with an oily sarcasm so that the jury did not care to look at him. In other words, he was slain politely and laid out to dry."

Like all great cross-examiners, he never asked many questions. As he told a student: "Never cross-examine more than is absolutely necessary. If you don't break your witness he breaks you; for he only repeats over in stronger language to the jury his story. Thus you only give him a second chance to tell his story to them. And, besides, by some random question you may draw out something damaging to your own case. This last is a frightful liability." Yet how often do members of the Bar cheerfully ruin their clients by a slovenly cross-examination without even the plausible excuse of youth and inexperience!

And another sound truth in matters of cross-examination which he put with amusing exaggeration to a favorite junior is worth remembering. "Let me," he said with humorous solemnity, "give you my dying advice—never cross-examine a woman. It is of no use. They cannot disintegrate the story they have once told; they cannot eliminate the part that is for you from that which is against you. They can neither combine, nor shade, nor qualify. They go for the whole thing; and the moment you begin to cross-examine one of them, instead of being bitten by a single rattlesnake, you are bitten by a whole barrel full. I never, except-

ing in a case absolutely desperate, dare to cross-examine a woman." It was another wise American who said: "Live always in the fear of God; but if that slides, continue in the fear of Woman."

Of course, on occasion, Choate would meet with his Sam Weller. Defending a prisoner for theft of money from a ship, a witness was called who had turned States evidence and whose testimony went to prove that Choate's client had instigated the theft.

"Well," asked Choate, "what did he say? Tell us how and what he spoke to you."

"Why," said the witness, "he told us there was a man in Boston named Choate and he'd get us off if they caught us with the money in our boots."

But Choate was not the man to grumble at an occasional knock, especially if it were a witty one, for he dearly loved a jest and was brimful of wit and humor which he could use himself with good effect.

In a case tried before a judge of the United States District Court, Choate, in his address to the jury, alluded to certain rumors as set afloat by a party's enemies.

"You mustn't assume that, Mr. Choate," interrupted the Court; "there's no evidence that he has enemies."

"He's in large business and must have made foes," said Choate impatiently.

"There's no evidence," replied the judge, "that he's in business. He's a physician."

"Well, then," replied Choate instantly, with a roguish smile, "he's a physician, and the friends of the people he's killed by his practice are his enemies."

And as the laughter of judge and all in Court died away Choate was returning to the matter in hand and pressing forward his point.

You could fill a book of anecdotes with Choate stories, but these tales of bygone wit baldly remembered seem too often to have lost their savor. One wants the voice and the manner, the accent and occasion of their utterance.

I like that saying of his about Judge Shaw. "I always approach Judge Shaw as a savage approaches his fetish: knowing that he is ugly, but feeling that he is great." That is distinctly witty to-day; but how delightful it must have been to have known Judge Shaw and to have heard Rufus say it in the robing-room!

He seems to have had the Charles Lamb touch in some of his quaint inverted thoughts of wit. Coming into a lawyer's office he saw a narrow winding staircase leading up to the consulting-room. He looked wonderingly at its corkscrew curvings, and, turning to the lawyer, meditatively observed: "Dear me! How drunk a man must be to go up those stairs!"

Again, at a season of illness, a friend of Choate visited him and urged him to pay more attention to his health.

"Sir," said the visitor, "you must go away; if you continue your professional labors, you will certainly undermine your constitution."

Choate looked up with grave irony and replied: "Sir, the constitution was destroyed long ago; I am now living under the by-laws."

And of the rougher American humor he had his share too. Speaking to some young advocates of the misery of losing cases, he told them they must remember their ministerial positions and accept defeat philosophically and be ready to go on with the next.

"When a case has gone against me," he said, "I feel like the Baptist minister who was baptizing in winter a crowd of converts through a hole made in the ice. One brother—Jones I think—disappeared after immersion and did not reappear, probably he had drifted

ten or fifteen feet from the hole and was vainly gasping under ice as many inches thick. After pausing a few minutes the minister said: 'Brother Jones has evidently gone to Kingdom Come: bring on the next!'

Of Choate the citizen, many interesting things might be written in praise of his works and days, but this is only an attempt to picture Choate the advocate. And of advocacy, as of acting, that which has happened and passed away is mostly beyond recall. We read of Rufus Choate as he "strode the streets with majestic step," we accept in faith the records of the marvellous music of his voice, the flashing glance of his dark eye and his bewitching smile, but we must sadly own that these memories of hearsay are not evidence and scarcely bring conviction to our legal minds.

This, however, we can ascertain—that in Rufus Choate we have for all time the example of a noble advocate. Ruskin tells us that "the chords of music, the harmonies of color, the general principles of the arrangement

The Cornhill Magazine.

of sculptured masses have been determined long ago and in all probability cannot be added to, any more than they can be altered." And if this be true of the greater arts it is certainly not untrue of advocacy. Rufus Choate devoted his life to the study of the principles of the great profession he adorned, and, without foregoing any liberty that genius and originality suggested to his mind, kept steadily before him the duties and limitations of the art of which he was a master. Doubtless there have been more outstanding figures at the Bar, men of greater position and larger influence. There has been none that I have read of who brought to his work a wider love and a more noble industry. His enthusiastic affection for all that his profession meant to him is best expressed in his own words to a friend who begged him in his last illness to take a vacation.

"Ah, my dear fellow!" he said with playful sadness, "the lawyer's vacation is the space between the question put and the answer."

THE MYSTERY OF PAIN.

Of all the mysteries amidst which we are encamped in this "isthmus of a middle state" none is so strange, so apparently inexplicable, as that of Pain. There is an obscure passage in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, which puts two points of view of curious interest, and brings out Shakespeare's pondering on the subject:—

1ST GENTLEMAN:

"'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with
pain,
Being thereto not compell'd."

CERIMON:

"I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments
greater

Than nobleness and riches: careless
heirs

May the two latter darken and expend;

But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I
ever

Have studied physick, through which
secret art,

By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made
familiar

To me and to my aid the blest infusions

That dwell in vegetives, in metals,
stones;

And can speak of the disturbances
that Nature

Works, and of her cures; which
doth give me

A more content in course of true
delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering
honor,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death."

Nature, the meditative man of the world seems to say, has no necessary contact with pain, and yet willingly assumes the burden. The great physician's answer seems to be: "Stay your wonder; it is this very pain, this apparent inconsistency of nature, that brings out man's supremest qualities of virtue and knowledge, making him a veritable god." The struggle with nature, the wrestling by which man wins from nature herself the means to cure the imperfections of nature, is a struggle that raises man out of the natural into the spiritual world. That art, says Shakespeare in the *Winter's Tale*,

"Which you say adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes . . .
. . . this is an art
Which does mend Nature, change it
rather; but
The art itself is Nature."

And Perdita, the perfect child of nature, cries in all simplicity, "So it is."

But Cerimon, the subtle thinker, supplements this thought. What of the man who wins the art from nature—what of him? He has risen above the natural, he has become a god. Shakespeare in this passage, dark though it is, has risen to that supreme height of meditative thought which places him among the greatest of mankind. Nature at rest is untroubled, but it is also unconscious. As it takes on consciousness it takes on pain as a garment with the immortal longing to be disrobed. Yet it takes the burden willingly, and the kindly worldling finds it "most strange" that—

"Nature should be so conversant with
pain,
Being thereto not compell'd."

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Progress lies that way, and that way only, and Nature, with her goal in view, knowing this, willingly chooses what the early mystics called the Way of the Cross. That which the Christian mystic, as the main part of his profession, took and takes upon him, the whole of Nature, with unconscious sublimity, takes likewise. The process of overcoming, of becoming, is no light achievement. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in the task. In this warfare all living things are engaged: not man only, not the kindlier beasts only, but all that is capable of pain, that is of progress.

But, it is always asked, was there, is there no other way of progress? If we assume that this world of consciousness is a conscious creation does not the fact of pain prove that the Creator is not all-powerful or not entirely good? If He is all-powerful, then He has willingly condemned the innocent to sorrow and to agony when He might have given them joy and pleasure eternal. Is this consistent with goodness as man understands and practises goodness? If He was unable to spare the innocent despite His wish to spare them, then surely the Creator is not all-powerful. With tiresome insistence this dilemma is hurled at the heads of those who, in the midst of war and pain and sorrow and sin, and all the fruits of those things accumulating in the persons of the innocent, still believe that God is both all-good and all-powerful. The answer is, perhaps, not a simple one; but there is an answer, without having recourse to the desperate explanation that the Goodness of God is something different from the goodness of man. There are, indeed, two answers, the one that Shakespeare gives and the purely philosophic answer, though those answers really merge into one ample explanation well within the limits of our human daily logic.

Let us take the philosophic answer first. The answer is simply that the propounders of the dilemma do not understand the nature of Free Will. The Creator—for we will assume for the purposes of this argument a conscious Creative Will—could, if we assume Him to be all-powerful, have created beings immortal and divorced from pain, sorrow, and death. He may have created such beings; they may be, for aught we know, in constant attendance as spiritual beings upon Him and us. But such angels, if they exist, are clearly not such beings as we are. They have not become what they are; they have had no choice in the matter; they sprang ready-clothed for happiness from the Mind of the Creator; they owe all to Him and nothing to themselves. They have not achieved happiness; it has been thrust upon them. For them progress is as impossible as retrogression; defiance is as inconceivable as obedience in any sense that we can understand. They cannot rise to equality with God, they cannot fall from communion with Him. To say this is not to derogate from the dignity of such a creation; it is to differentiate the nature of man.

Let us suppose a creation of a wholly different type; a consciousness of which the main spring is, within certain physical limitations in, at any rate, certain stages, free choice of action. If the Creator, in His conception of His creation, chooses to introduce this condition, then there is no question of an antinomy between Goodness and Power; nor can we criticise the gift of Free Will unless we can see the whole as the Creator sees it. If we cannot criticise the gift of Free Will neither can we criticise the fact of Pain; for in certain stages of evolution Free Will involves Pain, involves it because Free Will means free choice of action, and such free choice means the choice of Wrong in-

stead of Right, the choice of the wrong road, of evil instead of good. Pain is the signal of evil. It indicates that Free Will has chosen wrong. It is true that it continues to indicate it when it is too late to retrace the step; with that we will deal directly. But Pain, in so far as it is a danger-signal, is wholly good. We cannot criticise Pain unless we can criticise Free Will.

Now this power of free choice is the motive power that has determined evolution. From the first motived germ to the noblest man we see the successive fruits of free choice. At every stage, at every moment, the advancing creature has the choice of advance, retrogression or stagnation. In the multiplicity of life to-day we see the infinite variety of choice exercised in past ages, while in the record of extinct species we see innumerable instances where Free Will failed to exercise a right judgment. The adaptation to environment with a view to new avenues of progress is really the record of the successful exercise of free will. And in the physical world Pain was, and is, the main guide to successful choice.

But physical pain is not the only pain that plays its part in the struggle for progress. Even in animals far removed from man there is another pain, something worse than the agonies of physical pain, the pain which is related to self-consciousness: the pain of frustrated desire, the pain of conscious failure, the pain of loss, of separation. The disconsolate beast has sorrows which rank above physical pain. With man these sorrows reach that level of spiritual agony of which the burning records are written in the literatures of all lands. The dreadful-ness of physical pain is temporal; but spiritual pain is, in man's conception of it at least, immortal. The sense of infinity in sorrow, in loss, in failure, is the central sting of the agony. Far

off beyond repair is all life's hope. Sophocles and Shakespeare alike show us spiritual pain as something that transcends all physical pangs. Evolution has brought man into a higher sphere, into a new refinement of agony. Thomas à Kempis dwells on the point that the nearer man approaches to God the more intolerable becomes the way of progress. Spiritual refreshments, he declares, must not be expected on that royal road. It is not without significance for the purpose of this argument that in the person of Christ we assume that the double desolation of physical and spiritual pain reached an inconceivable maximum.

Man's protest against the apparent necessity of pain has, in the evolution of things, taken a much more useful form than a philosophic attack on the nature or capacity of the Creator. Beast and man alike have recognized the usefulness of pain as the indicator of the path of progress; but to man, the thinker and organizer, there naturally arises the question whether Knowledge cannot take the place of Pain as an essential factor of progress.

Pain was necessary up to a certain point in evolution, as an automatic check on the wrong or harmful exercise of Free Will; but there comes a moment when Knowledge can do not only what Pain does, but infinitely more. So science gets to work—the science of the physician, the surgeon, the anaesthetist. As knowledge grows the function of pain is infinitely supplemented, and we may believe that the day will come when merely physical pain will be absolutely under control. But, as we have seen, the physical limitations of humanity involve the least part of the burden of pain. This problem, like every other human problem, becomes suddenly vastly more complicated as we pass out of the physical into the moral and spiritual

sphere. Already to-day we are seeing the wonderfully delicate and almost inscrutable relations of mind and personality and body. Suppose the physical problem of pain solved, suddenly we find ourselves seeking "to minister to a mind diseased," to minister to a soul all the more alive to spiritual pain because released from the distractions of physical pain. We are, in fact, no longer watching the physical evolution of the species; it is the evolution of pure personality that is the problem. We can relieve the pain of the body, but what of the soul, the soul that is, with titanic splendor of effort, feeling out into the darkness for the position of equality with God, and rightly so aspiring in virtue of the Free Will with which God endowed this creation?

The pain of such ascent, in which the consciousness of personal immortality and of God is in ceaseless conflict with human earthliness, apparently offers no scope for the physician, and seems to depend for relief on the anaesthesia of faith. But the infinite subtlety of the inter-relations of the body and the personality may prove this to be wrong. It may be that man can minister in the physical sense to a soul diseased. It is not for this generation to place arbitrary limitations on the interweavings of psychology and the healing arts, nor on the interrelations of faith and medicine. If man can devise Knowledge that shall take the place of Pain in this ascent, then truly shall immortality attend him. But this, at any rate, is certain, that the higher man ascends in the evolution of personality the greater is the pain. To see this plainly it is but necessary to study the Bible closely and to collate facts there gathered with the tragedies which the pre-Christian Greek civilization made a part of the world's literature, and the dramas with which Shakespeare enlarged the con-

ception of tragedy. To the Greek there was no solution to the pain of tragedy springing from the conflict of good with good. Not so with Shakespeare; to him tragedy carries men and women into another atmosphere, where a higher unity combines conflicting good things and starts a new range of progress. Conflicts of duty, conflicts of love, conflicts of hope: these do not mean the

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destruction of duty, love, and hope, but a larger conception of each in a nobler world:

"I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments
greater
Than nobleness and riches; careless
heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god."

J. E. G. de Montmorency.

HIS OWN PETARD.

The Bishop came briskly into the room. In his right hand he was carrying a gentleman's visiting-card, and on his forehead there was a tiny pucker of doubt. The young man who was looking out of the window turned round quickly.

"I can spare you five minutes; no more, Mr."— Here the Bishop paused, referred to the card he held, and added, "Harcourt."

"It is good of you to see me at all, my lord," Mr. Harcourt said nervously.

The Bishop waved him to a chair. "Not at all! I endeavor to do my duty at all times, Mr.—er—Harcourt. You are not one of my clergy, I think?"

"No, my lord; I am in the Exeter diocese. But I have heard such glowing accounts, if I may say so, of your lordship's grasp of affairs and capability for giving advice that I have ventured to intrude upon you thus."

The Bishop beamed. "And may I know the name of your informant?" he asked.

"It was your lordship's daughter," Mr. Harcourt replied.

"Not an impartial judge, I fear," said the Bishop.

"Your daughter, my lord," went on Mr. Harcourt hastily, "happened to become acquainted with the fact that I

stood in need of advice, and heartily recommended that I should come to you."

"Well, well! we must come to the point," observed the Bishop. "The fact is, Mr. Harcourt, that I am momentarily expecting the arrival home of my daughter. She has been away from home for a month, and I must be free to welcome her."

"I will not detain you, my lord. Perhaps another time"— Mr. Harcourt was horribly nervous, a fact that did not escape the Bishop. The young man had perched himself on the extreme edge of his chair, and was fumbling awkwardly with his hat.

"There is no time like the present," observed the Bishop. "Pray proceed."

"The matter upon which I wished to consult your lordship is of a somewhat delicate nature;" and Mr. Harcourt coughed deprecatingly.

"The old tale, I perceive. A girl!" And the Bishop emitted something that was first cousin to a chuckle.

"Yes, my lord! A girl!"

"Girls," declared the Bishop sententiously, "are the curse of the younger clergy. They defer to them, they flatter them, they surround them with an atmosphere of adulation, and they spoil them. Oh, I know—I know, Mr. Harcourt! I was a curate once. Some

woman has been setting her cap at you, eh?"

"Not exactly, my lord. I am afraid that I"—

"Quite so, my dear lad! Quite so! You think that you have been the hunter, whereas, in fact, you have been the hunted. That is mere feminine diplomacy, and is as old as our common mother herself."

"In justice to the lady, my lord"—

"Don't worry about the lady. She is in very capable hands, believe me—her own. Simply drop her! Have no explanations, or you will become the worse entangled."

"But, my lord"—

"I will not listen to a single but!" declared the Bishop heartily. "You have been a little foolish, a little indiscreet, shall we say? In his young days who has not? But to continue in folly is worse than foolishness; to pursue the path of indiscretion is lunacy. Now, Mr. Harcourt, listen to me. You must be master of yourself. You know the greatness of that. And the man who is master of himself can compel his inclination to walk hand-in-hand with his ambition."

The Bishop rose from his chair. He regarded Mr. Harcourt as a crowded congregation, ready to pick up the pearls of wisdom that dropped from his lips. "When I was a young man, Mr. Harcourt, old enough to know better, but a young man, I experienced a tenderness for a girl just as enchanting as the lady who is not named between us. And I saw, as you see, the folly of what I was about to do, and I uprooted that tenderness from my heart. What followed? I schooled my inclination till it was ready and willing to walk with my ambition. And as a result I married the Archbishop's daughter."

"But, my lord," protested Mr. Harcourt, "I do not happen to be the Archbishop's secretary; and, even

had I the honor, his Grace has no daughter."

The Bishop laughed. "You are a very literal young man," he said. "I am not suggesting that you should seek a wife at Lambeth. I am merely laying down certain main principles."

Your lordship suggests, if I understand rightly, that the daughter of a Bishop would do equally as well."

"I did not say that, Mr. Harcourt. I should be sorry to advise you generally; but even an Archdeacon as a father-in-law would not be calculated to prove a hindrance to your advancement in the Church."

"May I say," said Mr. Harcourt, "that your lordship's daughter is very charming"—

The Bishop held up his hand warningly. "We will not become personal," he said with a touch of asperity. "My daughter is my daughter, and her name must be kept out of discussions of this kind. Do not think that I wish to be severe, Mr. Harcourt; but it is my considered opinion that you made an error of taste there. May I ask if you have a benefice?"

"No, my lord. At the moment I am an unemployed curate. I have a few hundreds a year of my own, which fortunately enable me to pick and choose my vicars."

"I agree that you are fortunate. There are vicars and vicars. I had my experience years ago. Have you any other questions you wish to ask me?"

"I had several, my lord; but they seem to me to be unnecessary now."

"I am glad to hear you say so. That means that my advice has not fallen upon stony ground."

"And yet, my lord, somehow your advice seems to have a worldly flavor."

"Admitted! admitted!" agreed the Bishop graciously. "You will observe, though, Mr. Harcourt, that I have advised you to do nothing that can be

called mean or mercenary. I have counselled you to conquer yourself, a deed which, as St. Paul reminds us, confers greatness upon a man. I told you that it was an essential that you should be able to command your inclination. I do not forget the teaching of the Church concerning Holy Matrimony. When you marry you will promise to love your wife, and you will perjure yourself at the altar if you are not able to do so. All that I say is, love wisely."

"I follow your lordship. There is one further difficulty which presents itself to me. Bishops and Archdeacons do not give their daughters in marriage to unbeficed priests who lack influence."

The Bishop laughed gleefully. "I fear," he said, "that yours, Mr. Harcourt, is the faint heart that never won a fair lady. And that is what you have to do. Win the lady first. Her father is a secondary matter. Ways and means of overcoming parental opposition will suggest themselves to you, or to the lady, when the time comes, depend upon it. I know that they did in my case. I have no time to tell you the whole story now, or I would do so; but I assure you that my father-in-law did not receive my proposition for his daughter's hand with that enthusiasm I could have wished or that I considered that my attainments warranted. To tell the truth, he accused me of all kinds of things of which I was innocent. He accused me of having abused his confidence, and the like. But being a wise man, he bowed to the inevitable when he realized that it was the inevitable that had come upon him. The story is pretty well known; I wonder that you have not heard it."

"I think that I have heard something of it, my lord. You must have been a very resolute young man."

"I think that I may say without

conceit that I was," the Bishop admitted. "And that is my last word to you, young man: be wise and be resolute! Ah, I hear the car! Here is my daughter. I must beg of you to excuse me."

"Just a moment more, my lord."

"Not one!" said the Bishop with decision, and made toward the door.

Mr. Harcourt, overcome by nervous trepidation, caught the prelate by the tail of his coat. "My lord," he said, "supposing"—

The Bishop turned upon him, his face flushed with anger. "You presume very greatly," he said. "Leave go of my coat at once! I positively decline to hear another word."

"But, my lord, I insist."

Mr. Harcourt had succeeded at last.

The Bishop turned on him, his face now purple with outraged dignity. "You dare to use the word insist to me!" he said. "I have received you here. I have listened to you. I have given advice of great value. I have treated you, a stranger, as though you were my son, and you speak to me of insisting! You have more resolution than I thought." And his lordship laughed nastily. "Leave my house at once, Mr. Harcourt, and never dare to come here again. Such insolence passes all!"—

But what his insolence passed Mr. Harcourt was never destined to hear, for the episcopal eloquence was cut short by the opening of the door of the room and the entrance of a radiant girl.

"Oh dad! dad!" she said, holding out both hands to the angry Bishop, "it is good to see you again."

The Bishop forgot his anger in the sunshine of that smile, and took the hands held out to him, and kissed their owner on the lips with fond pride. And for the moment Mr. Harcourt too was forgotten.

Quite suddenly the Bishop released his daughter's left hand, which he had

been holding in his right. He had felt the touch of smooth metal, and had experienced a sense of shock. He looked down at the hand he had just released, and saw the plain gold band adorning it. "Barbara! Babbie!" he cried sharply.

The girl held out her hand to Mr. Harcourt, who took it.

"With the greatest resolution, we acted this morning upon the excellent advice your lordship has given me," the young man said.

Chambers's Journal.

For one—two moments the Bishop did not know whether to be furious or to laugh. Then a rush of paternal feeling overcame him. "You love her?" he asked, looking Harcourt squarely in the eyes.

The young man, whose nervousness was past, laughed frankly. "My inclination walks with my ambition," he said.

Then with great boldness he kissed his bride.

Gurner Gillman.

GERMANIA CONTRA MUNDUM.

(BY THE EARL OF CROMER.)

IV.

It is difficult for Englishmen to understand how the public opinion of any nation which has not wholly lost its self-respect can tolerate the behavior of the officers of the German Army towards the civil population. The Zabern incident, which arose from a poor, helpless cripple being slashed across the back by the sabre of a young military swashbuckler, although it earned the enthusiastic approval of the German Crown Prince, aroused even the indignation of the submissive people of Germany. The impotent Reichstag condemned the action by two hundred and ninety-three to fifty-four votes, after which the Zabern officers were reinstated in their places, and even commended. The uniform in which a German officer lives, and is also not infrequently buried, is made to condone offences of all kinds save the cardinal sin of disobedience or disrespect to the omnipotent State. The behavior of the officers, and still more of the non-commissioned officers, to the men under their command is no less brutal than that towards the civil population. Discipline is only maintained by proceedings which in other

countries would speedily lead to mutiny. "It was stated in the Reichstag several years ago," Mr. Harbutt Dawson says, "that during a period of five years 100,000 court-martialled soldiers had been sentenced to an aggregate of 2,300 years of penal servitude and 16,000 years of imprisonment," and he quotes the following words from a German source—presumably a newspaper—as typical of the working of the whole system:—

"Several non-commissioned officers of the First Regiment of the Field Artillery of the Guard were summoned at Berlin before a divisional court-martial charged with cruelly maltreating their recruits. Not for five years has the German public been shocked by such disgraceful details. One of the ruffians arraigned, a sergeant named Thamm, is accused of misconduct and maltreatment in over 600 cases. The worst case was that of a gunner named Knobbe, who recently committed suicide to escape from Thamm and his like. This unfortunate 'defender of the Fatherland' was so maltreated that he was obliged to go to hospital. When he returned cured to barracks the torture was renewed, and to escape it he

flung himself from a window three stories high. Kicks, cuffings, pulling of ears till the blood came, and lashing with driving whips were among the ordinary means employed by these brutes to enforce discipline and 'waken up' backward men. When the witnesses were asked by the Court why they did not complain to their superiors, they replied that they were afraid that their lot would be in consequence worse instead of better. General surprise is expressed here that this systematic cruelty, which has been proceeding for years, was apparently unknown to the officers of the regiment."

Can such things be in this twentieth century of the Christian era? They can, and it is the duty of every inhabitant of countries outside Germany to see that the poison does not spread, and to unite in crushing out of existence a system which threatens to wreck the civilization of the world.

We may think that a scheme of government which involves the complete destruction of individuality, and which turns every German into what Mr. Harbutt Dawson calls "a piece of mechanism," is thoroughly bad. We may hold that in establishing the cult of the Hohenzollerns the Germans have bowed down to a false god who has exacted the most cruel sacrifices from his worshippers. We may adopt Dr. Smith's view that the fair exterior of German *Kultur* is a mere external veneer, and that, in Miltonic language, all within is "false and hollow." But these considerations should not blind us to the fact that, however false the German ideal may be, it has been fully realized, and that the characteristic thoroughness with which the system has been applied has been crowned with complete success. Some sixty years ago a talented German novelist wrote a book entitled *European Slave-Life*. It was a coun-

terblast against Mrs. Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It was designed to show that white men were in reality no better off than negroes, and that there existed in Europe a system of slavery which, under a different name, produced results as pernicious as those which at the time prevailed in the United States of America. A satirist, were he so minded, might truthfully say that the theory which Hackländer propounded holds good to a greater extent now than was the case at the time when he wrote. The people of Germany have, in fact, become the willing slaves of a system inaugurated by their rulers with the help of a small band of statesmen some of whom, and notably Prince Bismarck, have applied Hohenzollern principles with far more than average Hohenzollern ability. Moreover, with a few rare exceptions, the Germans exult in their slavery. A small body of Socialists—to their credit be it said—have at times raised their ineffectual voices in protest, but the mass of the nation pride themselves on wearing the chains with which they are bound. If by the words "popular government" is meant, not government by the people or their representatives, but a government which mirrors the wishes of the people and is approved by public opinion, then it must be conceded that the German Government is, so far as can be judged by all outward appearances, as popular as that of any of the great democracies. In no sphere of action has the Hohenzollern system met with a greater degree of success than in its endeavors to dominate or to strangle all those influences which might otherwise have operated as checks upon the smooth working of the machine. Of these, the most important are religion and the Press.

There is good reason for supposing that the influence of religion in Germany has for many years been steadily declining. It certainly cannot be

doubted that the views of many of the leaders of German thought are frankly atheistical. Apart from any question of dogma, it would be difficult to imagine anything more utterly opposed to the spirit of Christianity than the following utterance of that semi-lunatic man of genius, Nietzsche:—

"Justice is a crack-brained idea, invented and foisted on to the world by a phantom. It is of no importance to me whether an action is just or unjust. If I am powerful enough to perform any deed whatsoever, then *eo ipso* I am justified in doing it. I am empowered by myself, and require no other authorization or justification. Power! That am I alone. I am the mighty one, the possessor of power. Might and force exist only in me,—the strong and mighty one." Elsewhere he spoke of God as the "phantom of the orthodox." Dr. Smith says that the Professors, who mould the plastic mind of the youth of the country, are "as a body openly contemptuous and hostile both to the form and spirit of religion. . . . Religion has become non-effective in the national life of Germany. This Divine influence has been—to use a German idiom taken from the electrical world—"switched off." It is true that the Kaiser rarely fails to invoke Divine assistance in the accomplishment of his most arbitrary enterprises; but without calling in question the sincerity of his religious convictions, it is obvious that his conception of the Deity is of that primitive type which finds expression in the Old Testament rather than of that which has dominated the worship and opinion of the civilized world for nineteen hundred and fifteen years. The German Church, like everything else German, is admirably organized, but the clergy depend on the Government for their daily bread. The oath of allegiance which each clergyman takes binds him to obedience

not only to the Kaiser but also to the "State." The clergy, therefore, can scarcely be considered as anything but a department of the German Civil Service. One Lutheran Minister—Pastor Umfrid of Stuttgart—was bold enough to raise his voice against the anti-Christian teaching of Treitschke. But his case appears to be unique. More recently Professor Dr. Walther Schücking of Marburg has sent a communication to the *Berliner Tageblatt* which dwells on the blessings of peace and exhorts Germans to "place the ideal of law above the ideal of might." But he does not allude to the fact that the process which he commends was totally reversed in the case of the German treatment of Belgium. He is careful to vaunt the Kaiser's "noble conception of humanity," and to praise "his sense of duty, which gives him the strength to stand by his people in their fight to the victorious end." Broadly speaking, it may be said that the German Church has been either unwilling or wholly unable to do anything to stem the tide of materialism and brutality which, after gathering head for many years, has now swept like a devastating hurricane over the country.

From the point of view of the relations of Germany with other countries, the question of the condition of the German Press is, perhaps, of greater practical importance than that of the extent to which the influence of religion has decayed. It might be possible, when the conditions of peace are discussed, to come to terms with an irreligious people. It is far more difficult to deal with a nation which is wholly ignorant both of the real facts of the situation and of the mentality of its opponents. The following remarks of Mr. Harbutt Dawson deserve very special attention:—

"The result of the State control of public thought and of the nation's too willing emasculation of its own faculty

of judgment is that there is no independent national opinion in Germany to-day, for that which is called national opinion is merely an inchoate, unreasoning, official sentiment, manufactured like any other product of the State machine. The nation has handed over its mind and conscience to the Government, than which no less safe custodian for treasure so precious could be found. The effect of this spiritual self-immolation of an entire nation we have seen of late in the fact that it is impossible to prove to the German people that their Government is capable of being wrong."

We occasionally hear a good deal of the harm which is done by the existence of a perfectly free Press. That there is some force in these arguments, when considered exclusively on their own merits, no impartial political observer will be disposed to deny. Unquestionably liberty at times degenerates into unbridled license. I was most reluctantly obliged to admit, as the result of a long and very patient trial, that a wholly unfettered Press in Egypt did on the whole more harm than good. But countries such as India and Egypt occupy an exceptional position which places them in some degree outside the range of arguments which apply in other and more homogeneous countries. The real defence of a free Press does not consist in maintaining that the editors of newspapers invariably conduct their business with judgment, political insight, and with a due sense of the responsibility of their positions. It consists rather in pointing to the state of things which is produced in countries where the Press is not free. The most notable instance in point is that of Germany. It may confidently be asserted that even the most severe English critic of the Press of his own country would prefer to suffer from the occasional vagaries which are a consequence of unrestricted freedom rather than submit to

the appalling abuses which arise when, as in the case of Germany, a whole nation is misled, misguided, and muzzled.

Dr. Smith does not hesitate to accuse the German Press of venality. "Its voice," he says, "may be, and is, bought and sold. Its financial position is much too precarious to encourage the hope that they [the newspaper editors] are above corruption." It may be that this generalization is too sweeping. Nevertheless, I can adduce from my own experience a fact which certainly gives some color to Dr. Smith's accusation. In 1885 an Egyptian Loan, guaranteed by the Great Powers of Europe, was issued simultaneously in London, Paris, and Berlin. The incidental expenses incurred in London only amounted to a few hundreds of pounds, which were sufficient to cover the cost of printing, advertising, and other perfectly legitimate charges. The expenses incurred in Berlin amounted to some £8,000. No explanation was ever proffered or demanded to account for the large difference, but it obviously arose from the presumed necessity of paying the German newspapers not so much to afford support—for no support was necessary—as to abstain from attack and misrepresentation. I may perhaps for a moment digress from the immediate subject now under discussion in order to mention that on one occasion it became my duty to institute a very searching inquiry into the expenditure incurred by the spendthrift ruler of Egypt, Ismail Pasha. The English Press, so far as purity of intention was concerned, stood the test very well, but conclusive evidence was adduced to prove that the motives which had guided the attitude of many newspapers on the Continent of Europe, which in this case were not German, were not wholly disinterested.

Whether the German Press is or is not altogether venal may perhaps be a

matter of doubt, but there can be no doubt whatever that it is absolutely under the control of the Government, and that whilst not only latitude but extreme license is allowed in discussing the affairs of foreign countries and in pouring vituperation on their rulers, very scant liberty is permitted in discussing the internal affairs of Germany. It is extraordinary that some sixty millions of people, whose standard of general intelligence and education is distinctly high, should willingly tolerate such a degree of servitude. But what is far more extraordinary is that this same people, knowing full well the conditions under which newspapers are issued in Germany, should believe what they say. The mass of the public, however, ap-

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pear to place implicit confidence in the trash which is communicated to them through the agency of the Government Press Bureau. Here, as elsewhere, everything is sacrificed to the maintenance of that monstrous conception which has been the sole contribution of Prussia to the political thought of the world—the omnipotent and omnipresent “State.” Truly, as Dr. Smith says, “a healthy-toned national Press has long been one of Germany’s most crying needs. Until the political institutions of Germany are so far modified as to admit of the creation of such a Press there can be but little hope either of internal regeneration or of the re-establishment of some degree of lasting concord between Germans and the inhabitants of other countries.

BAD BOYS.

Among the many classes which have acquitted themselves with distinction in the present war the bad boys must be included. It has just been announced that no fewer than 19,648 boys trained in reformatories and industrial schools have served in the war since August, 1914. Three of them have won the Victoria Cross; twenty-five have earned the Distinguished Conduct Medal; twenty have been mentioned in despatches, and three have obtained commissions. This is encouraging news for parents. It will remind them that the worst child is redeemable. It may even revive the convenient theory that the worst children are the best. The prejudice in favor of naughty children has always been common among parents. They are afraid of a child that is too good, as of a creature that is not likely to live long. They are more comfortable in the presence of a little kicking, screaming, tearing thing. They may denounce it,

and, in circles in which people do not restrain themselves, they may even fight it with their fists, but, on the whole, they console themselves with the thought that it is showing a manly spirit. It is the same all through its boyhood and youth. Even the most nervous parents do not, of course, wish their son to grow up a scoundrel, but in nine cases out of ten they would be terrified if they saw him growing up a saint. They are in favor of a spice, as it is called, of the devil. It is as if they had a lurking idea that the devil is the deity of the manly virtues. This idea, perhaps, has been encouraged to some extent by conventional religion. Conventional religion has too often held up an ideal of virtue as a beautiful negation, beside which the positive qualities of even the small sins look pleasantly real and human. It has offered a list of abstinences—from betting, from drinking, from theatres, from Sabbath-breaking, and so forth—

instead of an object for all those energies which bubble out of a young boy like song from a bird. It has aimed at producing an orthodox boy instead of a human boy or a Christian boy. It has showed one a blank canvas as the portrait of a good man. Obviously, no healthy boy's soul could thrive merely on being forbidden to go to the theatre or to whistle on Sunday. Life at its best means something more than the dread of taboos. The bad boy is very often simply a boy who has run away from an environment of taboos. He is not so much a sinner as an adventurer in spirit. He has sinned against his environment rather than against any eternal law. It would be foolish, on the other hand, to allow oneself to grow sentimental over badness. We have met with people who went so far in this direction as to put even Dr. Crippen on a sugar pedestal. Boys, like their elders, are subject to greediness, cruelty, and ill nature, and they do not fly to these from a too pallid virtue, they float into them down the easy stream of their inclinations. It is held by some people that boys are even more naturally inclined to these vices than grown-up people. According to this view, the life of a boy is a sort of echo and image of the boyhood of the race. It is an age of egoism, of desire for one's own way, which is gradually modified by the incursion of the social virtues after the time of puberty. Certainly, the natural child is often a marvellous egoist. It learns with difficulty not to lie, not to steal, not to take the largest slice of cake, not to desire the death of its enemies. There is no need to exaggerate the selfishness of children, but it seems clear enough that children are not born with an intuitive sense of the Ten Commandments. When we read how George Washington assured his father that he could not tell a lie, it is open to us to doubt whether his

antipathy to lying was a natural taste, or was the result of training. We do not mean to deny that there is born with us a spirit which can distinguish between right and wrong, but it is even feebler than our bodies at first, and immeasurably feebler than our appetites, which are clamorous while we are still kicking in the cradle. The bad boy, when he is not a rebel against his surroundings—and often when he is—is a triumph of the appetites. He is the real Peter Pan, the boy who will not grow up. He is the ego unbalanced by the social virtues. That is why he lies, that is why he steals, that is why he will submit to no discipline. On the other hand, what is called a bad boy is often a boy whose social virtues apply only to the society of boys, but are not extended so as to include grown-up people. The average boy will lie to a schoolmaster with less compunction than he will lie to another boy. He will rob a J.P.'s orchard when he would not steal from a class-mate. There is a sort of Trade Union among schoolboys with laws of its own, which regards the grown-up world as more or less outside the moral pale. Schoolmasters attempt in vain to persuade boys that it is a heinous offence to use a crib or to give or take a prompt or to play truant. Boys do not believe them. Even when they do not do these things themselves, they are wonderfully tolerant of those who do. There were one or two boys at a school known to us who used regularly to forge their parents' signatures to letters justifying their absence when they had been playing truant. It did not trouble the conscience of the school. Had a schoolmaster discovered their fraud, he would probably have foretold for them an end in Dartmoor. Some of them, however, are now respected citizens: some of them, on the other hand, have never grown up, and have drifted into the shabby egoism

of failure. It is the spectacle of so many failures in this kind that makes one a sceptic as to the uses of badness and drives one into the company of the moralists. Mr. Kipling wrote *Stalky & Co.* in praise of bad boys, but the badness was merely the badness of boys who defied the tradition of a school and put in its place the tradition of a set. They were social beings, only they chose their society. Besides, they revered the head of the school with a piety rare even among the best schoolboys. Even so, the book shocked the schoolmasters of England as though it had been a gospel of gaolbirds. If boys are allowed to smoke and play games and break out of bounds at will, schoolmasters feel that the door will be opened to all the raging, tearing vices. They foresee the Rake's Progress beginning with the first Duke's Cameo—do boys still smoke Duke's Cameo?—cigarette. Possibly it does. But in most cases the boy survives to wear silk, or to preach, or to manage a shop, or to be a soldier. Smoking is after all in the moral point of view the most innocent of adventures. It is like trying one's father's razor. It is an essay in disobedience, and George Washington would not have done it without permission, but that is the worst that can be said of it. It is part of the passion for experience—the passion which may take you on great adventures to the South Pole, or, on the other hand, may end in the brothel or the druggist's shop. It is the most obvious way of living dangerously at one period of one's boyhood. There is the danger of being caught, and there is the danger of being sick.

It is difficult to say how far even the passion for more dangerous experiences, such as the experience of being a thief, is prophetic of a boy's future. We once knew a boy who had a taste for housebreaking. He broke into the houses of respectable people, not

in order to steal all he could bring away with him, but merely for the excitement: he liked to take a small trophy, as he called it—a memento—but that was all. Had he been a poor boy, his peculiar form of daring would probably have landed him in a reformatory. Whether he would have ever achieved distinction as an honest man in his own class we do not know, as he died in his first year as a medical student. But a similar love of stolen trophies is by no means rare among boys. Occasionally it infects an entire football club so that its members will all go in for collecting curios, such as spoons, railway lamps, or anything else they can pick up on their travels. The collection of door-knockers used to be a common hobby: the writer knew a boy who had several drawers filled with them. It was the adventure, not the door-knocker, that was precious. Every outbreak of respectable Mohawkism or ragged hooliganism is merely a perversion of this instinct for adventure. Very young children satisfy it by pulling bells and running away, or by breaking windows in empty houses, or by putting pepper or indiarubber on the stove when no one is looking. As boys grow older the appetite demands stronger meats, and they find themselves behaving in the tradition of Henry V. in his green days. Prince Hal is the perfect example of the bad boy who outgrows his badness. He grows from the adventurous associate of drunkards, cut-purses, and bawdy outlaws into the image of the ideal king of nine persons out of ten. He is like a walking sermon in favor of wild oats. And yet how many of the other Peter Pans among his companions lived to share the peace of his later years? Pistol and Nym, we imagine, are more typical of the later stages of the bad boy to whom badness is more than a game. There was no deep-rooted vice in the

prince's nature. He merely played for a few years in a team of scapegraces. As for Falstaff, even if we love him, we must admit that he was a rogue by nature. One can imagine him as a child eating the portions of other children and boasting of precocious errors, and being saved only by his habit of laughter from many a ducking. Compared with Henry V., Henry VIII. (whom his father at one time intended for the Archbishopric of Canterbury) seems to have been almost a model boy. Where Henry V. enjoyed the company of Falstaff, Henry VIII. enjoyed the friendship of Erasmus. Henry V. was a mere scapegrace by his side; but, then, what a jowl Henry VIII. was born with! It is easier to survive the possession of vicious companions than the possession of a vicious jowl. On the whole, however, the examples of these two princes suggest that it is by no means a simple matter to foretell the quality of a man's later life from the quality of his boyhood. Many a hero has been bred in the reformatory, and many a convict has been educated in the Sunday-school. On the other hand, this must not be taken as meaning that the balance is not struck in favor of an early discipline of virtue. After all, it may be fairly argued that the reformatory is a much more rigid school of discipline than the Sunday-school. It has even been said that reformatory boys are more fortunate in their education than almost any other boys in their class. Indiscipline is the great enemy of at least conventional virtue. One will find, we im-

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agine, that most of the great heroes have endured discipline in their youth. It was so with Alexander; it was so with Cyrus. Cyrus, according to Xenophon, learned so perfect a self-control in his boyhood that when he was sent to the court of his royal grandfather in the country of the Medes he despised their delicate dishes, and instead of eating them himself gave them to his servants. It was from lack of a similar education in the control of his appetite that Byron lived so ruinously and so unhappily. His home was a very capital of indiscipline. "Your mother is a fool," a schoolmate said to him. "I know she is," said Byron. Virtue flourished with difficulty in a house of that kind. Epicurean philosophers have uttered many charming denunciations of the slavery of habits. But as a matter of fact, if we are not trained to be the slaves of good habits, we shall only be the slaves of bad ones. Natural virtue, of course, triumphs in spite of everything, but it has often a mighty stormy career. The difficulty is to discover a method of teaching self-control that is a form of exercise and not a form of atrophy. It is the atrophy in virtue which leads to the exercise of vice. War offers an obvious field for the exercise of the virtues of courage, self-sacrifice and discipline. That is why some narrow-sighted philosophers glorify it unduly. They praise the good of it and forget the evil. As a matter of fact, if reformatory boys were given the same chance in the peaceful world as they are given in war, they would probably earn the same distinction and honor.

THE CHEMISTRY OF DISEASE.

The fruitful discoveries which, from time to time, enrich the world's store of knowledge, are not isolated phenomena. However high their branches may tower, they are yet grounded deeply and widely in the

soil of their time, and without it they could never have come to fruition. This is clearly true of that extraordinary scientific generalization which was due to the great man of science, Paul Ehrlich, who has just passed away. Ehrlich's discovery was only extraordinary in its implications. In itself it bore the hall-mark of most great works, a simplicity or ordinariness which makes one wonder how it was that the world waited so long for it. Ehrlich held that every living cell had a number of likings or affinities. It might be conceived as a restless unit stretching out tentacles for certain appropriate substances. Some of its likings or affinities would be morbid tastes, some helpful; but morbid or healthy, its tastes were real and specific. This does not seem to be a very profound contribution to knowledge; but it was born in a time when a number of branches of science were ready for its handmaids, and it has within its power probably the cure of all infectious diseases.

The last century has witnessed a most rapid development of science. At various periods there have been accelerations when some hypothesis or generalization has stimulated research to a greater intensity. An instructive object-lesson may be obtained from a comparison of the reports of the British Association meetings a quarter of a century ago and last year. The field covered is much the same, but there are numbers of subdivisions now which did not then exist. The developments in chemistry are among the most fascinating and, although since the discovery of radio-activity, physical chemistry has attracted more attention, there are other branches of the science which have grown very greatly and have a more fascinating and intimate appeal. One of these is synthetic chemistry. When organic chemistry was found to be subject to the same

laws which govern inorganic chemistry, the impetus to analytical study of organic compounds gave rise to certain instructive results. Organic compounds were found to be structures of atoms similar at all events to inorganic substances. It was a short step from this to the artificial building up of simple organic compounds. It is now nearly a century since some of these organic substances were made in the laboratory. Alcohol and urea were among the earliest to be made, and during the last fifty years grape and cane sugars, indigo, camphor, caffeine and cocaine have been built up from their constituents. This, again, regarded dispassionately, does not seem to be a world-shaking achievement, but it was a significant line of research which had its value in preparing the soil for greater developments. In passing, it may be pointed out that the artificial preparation of natural commodities of such value as camphor, indigo, and sugar is of the utmost importance to mankind.

Another of the developments of organic chemistry has been the object of an almost incredible mass of research. It may be described as the topographical study of the units of organic compounds. For it was found that not only were substances made up of given constituents in given quantities, but also that these constituents were arranged in special ways. The bricks and mortar, so to say, of quite different compounds might be exactly the same. Of course, it is clear that an architect can from the same materials build houses shaped to different designs and purposes. But the structure of molecules is not like that of a house, which is patent to all. The fact that the molecule of an organic compound has a sort of topography, with its constituent atoms laid out here and there in an orderly plan like a garden city, was only discovered when students, in attempting to build

up compounds in the laboratory, found that, with the same ingredients and the same proportions, and the same actual quantities, they could at times make as many as sixty different substances.

Ehrlich was born into an era deeply engrossed with the artificial building up of organic and living products and with the study of the topography of their smallest parts. His attention was turned to infectious diseases which another discovery had shown to be due to bacteria. It was known that different bacteria, like the cells of different parts of the body, take different dyes, and the process of dyeing is similar to that of the injection of poison into the tissues. Different cells, then, had an affinity to different substances. It had also been found that after a certain treatment with a drug, bacteria became immune to that drug, and also to all the cognate drugs of the same class. The affinity was therefore specific affinity. So far, little had been done to lighten the lot of suffering humanity, for the method of killing bacteria, outside the human body, was simple enough; but it had been frequently found that the substance which killed the bacteria would, in the human body, attack a given organ first, and leave the bacteria alone. Here, then, was the problem. It was required to find something which would attack the bacteria but leave the organ and organism unaffected. Ehrlich came to think that in the topography of the cells lay the secret of the problem. Somewhere there lay a gateway. A suitable bridge must be found for this gateway; then over the bridge the poison detachments would make their way in conveyances specially suited to the bridge, then they would dig their syringes firmly in the cell substance and the poison would be injected. Thus fancifully stated, are the essentials of the problem. In every cell there are

many affinities, or, as we have called them, gateways. They have been scientifically looked upon as hooks to which "side chains" or "anchor groups" are attached. However we describe them the crucial difficulty is the same. Such an "anchor group" or "bridge" must be found that it will correspond to some part of the bacteria, but will have so little correspondence with the diseased organ that the second essential—the poison substance—will be able to have full access to the bacteria, be firmly fixed to them, but will have little chance of attacking the organ. And, thirdly, there must be something which will unite the poison substance to the bridge, some especially appropriate conveyance; and, fourthly, there must be some special affinity between the poison compound and the cell substance, something like a syringe, which would be a means of communication. Thus stated the problem opens out a seeming vista of research. All the affinities of all cells must be found before the end of bacterial disease will come into view. But once they are found, the end is not yet. Then there arises another line of research to find such substances as will anchor the poison factor to such a cell and not to another. There must be numbers of attaching substances which will fix the poison on to the bacteria and not to the organ.

The strangest variety of results has been found among such substances. By varying them, almost any organ may be rendered immune or any attacked. The poison may generate almost any intensity. This vast and most fruitful line of research it was that Ehrlich opened. Some of the aniline dyes were used as the nucleus of some of the poison groups, and as almost the whole trade of organic technical chemistry was in German hands (although it was in England that Perkin set the industry on foot and where it was first

worked), there was abundance of material at the disposal of the students engaged in research. It was their work to build up different linking groups and the effect of the substance formed from the poison element, and the fresh linking element was tried upon infected animals. Some animal diseases had given way to treatment in a manner which has not been paralleled in the same diseases in mankind. But, on the whole, the method has worked well, and it can hardly be doubted that it is working upon the right lines. There are, of course, other factors which pass to the bedside physician to discover. There are personal idiosyncrasies besides those of the specific cells. Some people suffer the effects of poison from rice or strawberries; and the application of specifics which have proved successful in the case of animals, however logically and scientifically may be the line of thought which has occasioned their selection, is still to some extent an act of faith. But the actual practice with drugs made on these lines, and especially salvarsan

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and neo-salvarsan, has been most successful. When a further idiosyncrasy, due to another disease beside that under immediate treatment, is allowed for, the careful use of salvarsan and neo-salvarsan for relapsing fever, sleeping sickness, and syphilis, has proved of the utmost benefit; at times in the earliest stages of these diseases it has been known to effect an immediate cure.

Still these are not the chief merits of Ehrlich's work. They are that a firm foundation, however modest, has been given for the further advance against bacterial disease. There can be no doubt the main conceptions are sound, and, however long it may take, the lines they open up are not infinite and can at length be traced. And it is not only in the special lines for which this great man will ever be remembered that work remains to be done. All diseases due to bacteria, all diseases due to cells of any sort—even tuberculosis—must sooner or later yield to this scientific hunt for their due specifics.

THE HEAD OF THE FIRM.

Mr. Swansdown's confidence in his knowledge of charladies was very much shaken when Mrs. Bloggins tendered one week's notice of her intention to leave him for ever, and he wisely deputed the choice of her successor to his typist, Miss Myrtle. Miss Myrtle was a nice girl with soft hair and the kind of eyes which make a man decide to be better in future. In the perusal of this distressing story her niceness should be borne in mind.

Thus it came about that one May morning Miss Myrtle held her court at ten-thirty by the clock. Thither came, in reply to an advertisement, six sad but virtuous females willing to fill the

shoes of Mrs. Bloggins. They were not a prepossessing lot, but then the innate goodness of their kind is of the heart. With one accord they sat very upright, stiffened by their respectability.

The office-boy, a cheerful and lovable youth with a devastating squint, undertook to usher the applicants one after the other into the presence of Miss Myrtle. He opened the door, thrust his head in, and squinting at the assembled ladies asked for the first comer.

"Which of yer got 'ere first?" was what he actually said. He spoke affably as was his wont.

A lady near the door with a red bonnet perched jauntily on a portion of her head answered this invitation and, preceded by the office boy, passed with silent dignity into the inner room where Miss Myrtle sat in state. The typist's nose was a little red that morning, and as the applicant entered she saw her put her powder puff away, and thereby summed her up.

"Be seated!" said Miss Myrtle in the tone she had heard her previous employer (an editor) use to authors.

The charlady coughed in protest before she did so, and then sat, obedient to the custom of her caste, with back as straight as a ramrod, knees close together and hands tightly clasped on her lap.

"What is your name?" asked Miss Myrtle, taking up her pen in a firm and businesslike way.

"Missus Jones," the applicant said with a short sharp emphatic emphasis on the word which denoted her married state. She clearly resented something.

"And where were you last employed, Mrs. Jones?" asked Miss Myrtle, unconscious of the existence of this resentment.

"Hi was employed in a sliziter's horfice," said Mrs. Jones shortly. "May I arst in return if I am dealing with a principal?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Myrtle; "I am Mr. Swansdown's confidential secretary."

"Ho!" said Mrs. Jones comprehensively and significantly. "Ho, indeed!" "Confidential" had a most unpleasant ring in her ears and her back perceptibly stiffened.

At this juncture the office-boy tittered.

"Leave us," said the mystified Miss Myrtle, and with a dreadful grin he withdrew.

"I don't think this place will suit me," said Mrs. Jones. "Being a re-

spectable married woman," she added.

Without another word she left the room and the amazed Miss Myrtle was alone. As the dignified charlady shook the dust of Swansdown and Co. from off her elastic-sided boots she met another lady entering, who took her place among the remaining applicants.

One after another the charladies were ushered into the presence of Miss Myrtle by the joyous office-boy, and one after another they discovered, possibly by instinct, that she was the typist; whereupon, bristling with indignation, they decided that the place did not suit them. Why a typist must not engage a charlady is beyond me, but it is so. If you doubt it ask *your* charlady.

At last there was but one left, a thin vinegary lady in black, whose face suggested that she had spent her life in a desert place apart. Gradually Miss Myrtle's new-found dignity was evaporating and the hilarity of the remainder of Mr. Swansdown's staff (the office-boy, to be exact) increased. The typist determined to alter her methods with the one remaining applicant, for she was frightened lest she should fail to obtain a charlady at all. Her dignity went altogether and she was just a jolly little typist again.

"Good morning," she said cheerfully; "I'm glad the others did not suit. Mr. Swansdown asked me to choose the most genteel of those who applied, and I hope you will take the job on."

There was silence for a moment.

"That depends on the job, you know," said the candidate in an accent vaguely reminiscent of the suburbs.

"Oh, there are just the ordinary duties, you know—keeping the office clean and so on."

"And the wages?" asked the derelict.

"Ten shillings."

"That is satisfactory—quite satisfactory," and Miss Myrtle knew from

the way in which she added "*quite* satisfactory" that she was a superior person.

"But what about the boss?" asked the prospective charlady.

"Oh," said Miss Myrtle, anxious to clinch the matter; "he's an old *dear*; he's awfully good to the staff. He gave me this the other day;" and she held out the bangle on her wrist. The charlady looked at it with critical interest, because, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, charladies are not only human but feminine. Miss Myrtle thought her new method was much more successful.

"I should like to do most of the cleaning at night after he had gone home," suggested the applicant. "What time does he go?"

"Nearly always about five," Miss Myrtle replied. "You could commence cleaning by half-past every evening if you wished."

"But sometimes he's later surely. It might be very awkward if I came to clean up and found him still here."

"Oh, no! He's always away by five. Why, just lately things have been a bit quiet and he has got away by the middle of the afternoon."

There was a silence again for a moment.

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"And what is your name, please?" asked Miss Myrtle.

"Mrs. Swansdown," the charlady replied quietly, but with a slight smile which temporarily thawed her face.

"Mrs. Swansdown? . . . But that's the boss's name!"

"Naturally; I'm his wife. And I have to thank you, Miss Myrtle, for some very interesting information about him."

The silence was thick and ominous, and Miss Myrtle paled. She had that sinking feeling which comes when one is well in it.

"But you came as a char . . ." she began.

"Pardon me. *You* assumed I was a charwoman, Miss Myrtle, and I did not disillusionize you. You might tell Mr. Swansdown that I am here, please."

And slowly and thoughtfully Miss Myrtle did so.

It is not quite certain what happened at the ensuing interview between husband and wife, because there is only one key-hole to the office-door and the office-boy was using that. His reports are very vague. One thing is certain; it was Mrs. Swansdown who chose the new typist.

THE CROSS-ROADS IN THE BALKANS.

It is the misfortune rather than the fault of the Christian Balkan States to be inconvenient to the Great Powers of Europe. For generations their rights and their interests have time and again conflicted with the ambitions and aims of their great neighbors and tutors. Had the Great Powers been as a body united, disinterested, and as great morally as materially, they might long ago have settled the Near Eastern Question by ordering the Turk out of

Europe, and making an approximately fair division of his territories amongst the Christians who are its rightful heritors. Instead of doing so they preferred to try alternately the game of appropriating the Turks' possessions themselves, and bolstering up Turkey against each other. The process has not been uniform, and at times the Christians have had real help from some of the Powers; the Greeks from England and France, the Slavs mainly

from Russia. At other times the note of the Concert, or of divisions of it, has been one of menace or of prohibition mingled with coaxing. European diplomacy in the Balkans indeed has been consistent in nothing; it has not even been uniformly mistaken; occasionally it has been right. To extract any clear moral lesson from a jumbled mass of contradictions with a history of over two centuries long is not easy; yet certain deductions may be made.

It is clear, for instance, that the Balkan Christians have nothing ultimately to hope for from Germany and Austria, the Allies of Turkey. Should the Central Powers be the victors in the world-war, Germany will be dominant in Constantinople, Austria will absorb Serbia, and as soon as it suits her will go to Salonika. The Power that dominates Constantinople will require to dominate the railway system which unites Constantinople with Central Europe, and will probably insist on dominating the Danube also. The friends of Roumania and Bulgaria may estimate for themselves the exact measure of independence which these requirements would leave to them. They have probably made their estimate already. We should doubt whether any group of thoughtful or clear-headed politicians in either of those countries seriously hopes for a triumph of the Teuto-Turkish Alliance. They know it means for them either obliteration or vassalage. For the Greeks the outlook is, if possible, less attractive. They hold Salonika, which Austria must have, and they are the special *bête noire* of the Young Turks, who mean to extirpate the Hellenic element in Turkey and to attack Greece herself as soon as they are in a condition to wage another war. Their German advisers would have nothing to gain by holding them back from assailing Hellenism, and would quite certainly abet them in assailing and

crushing it. Before the present war broke out the German military counsellors of the Turks had already given the Greeks in Turkey a taste of their quality, by egging the Moslem in Thrace and Asia Minor to molest their Christian neighbors there. Even the most dull-witted of the Balkan Christians are aware that for years past the semi-official Press agencies in Berlin and Vienna have persistently libelled and defamed them throughout Europe. The activity of these agents, not only in Germany and Austria, but in Constantinople, Durazzo, and other convenient spots, has been remarkable, and the extent to which they succeeded in poisoning European public opinion was very lamentable. To take one instance only, it is only now that Western newspaper readers are waking up to the fact that the second Balkan War was engineered by Austria and Germany. Not often has a cleverer trick been played than the one by which these Powers induced Bulgaria to attack Serbia and Greece, and then through their disreputable semi-official news agencies persuaded half Europe that Serbia and Greece were a pair of wanton and barbarous aggressors.

All this and more is known in the Balkans. It might be thought, then, that the course for Balkan statesmen to steer would be too clear to admit of hesitation. Unfortunately other considerations have come in, and hesitation has held the diplomatic field for twelve months. In the first place, war is a terrible thing to nations who have just gone through it, and Greece and Bulgaria have gone through two wars. In the next place, though the Central European Powers are not loved in the Near East, they are feared there, and their recent successes in Russia have not lessened the respect in which the German Army is held south of the Carpathians. Neutrals,

again, are sometimes in a position to make money out of a great war, and the Balkan traders have been and still are making a great deal of money out of the present war. This may be irritating to us, but they are no more to blame for it than are the respectable neutrals of the United States. Furthermore, the Balkan States have not been so uniformly well treated by the diplomatists of the Great Powers as to have acquired a habit of implicitly accepting everything that those gentlemen tell them. On the contrary, they are as suspicious of European politicians as English Trade Unionists are apt to be, and are as doggedly convinced that they are the best judges of their own interests. This may not always be the case, but it is something that has to be reckoned with.

For these and other reasons the diplomatic position in the Balkans is almost as difficult as ever. We lay stress on this, because some public writers and partisans in this country seem light-heartedly confident that inasmuch as the main interests of the Balkan States are with us and our Allies, their local differences and hesitations are unreasonable and absurd, and ought to be settled very summarily. There seems to be a disposition to think that if the Powers of the Entente will only be firm they can oblige the Balkan nations to agree with them, and even become their cordial Allies on terms to be dictated by us. Now, nothing can be clearer than that the reconciliation of the Balkan States and their enlistment under our banner will in all human probability be good for them as well as for us; but that all this should be brought about by "pressure" is not so certain. When newspapers talk about firmness and pressure they may mean anything from friendly advice and expostulation to a polite threat of armed force.

There is everything to be said for the first method, but in our opinion nothing at all for the second. To begin with, the use of threats to prospective allies seems at best a curious policy. In the next place the Balkan States have had considerable experience of diplomatic menaces from Europe during recent years. They know that they were forbidden to go to war with Turkey in 1912, yet they went to war. Though they were told they would not be allowed to keep Macedonia if they conquered it, they both conquered it and kept it. They saw Turkey ordered not to return to Adrianople, and they saw Turkey return to Adrianople and remain there. They watched Greece being ordered out of Northern Epirus, and they have seen her return there, and believe that she will remain there. They remember that Serbia and Montenegro were turned out of Northern Albania, and they are aware that these Powers have since re-occupied that country. If they were able to defy the European Concert when Europe was disengaged and nominally united, they may reason that Europe divided and engaged in a portentous death-grapple is scarcely in a position to bully them.

They reason that they are independent States, and peaceable neutrals. They think that the opinion of the world on the immorality of putting extreme "pressure" on peaceable neutrals has been pretty clearly expressed since the German outrage on Belgium. They may think it certain that England and her Allies will not run the risk of having it said that they are after all not averse to using German methods with neutrals when it suits them. With this we absolutely agree. We do not believe that the Foreign Offices of England and France dream of applying force to bending peaceable Balkan States to their will. Therefore the less our amateur diplomats write about dictation the better. What is wanted

is an active and friendly diplomacy, so active that it cannot be played with and so friendly that it cannot be misunderstood. Our business is to show Roumania, Bulgaria and Greece where their true interests lie, and to offer them terms too advantageous to be disregarded. We have the friendship of the people with us in every Balkan State, though we may have enemies in Courts and among politicians. Our business is to bring it home to the people how great their gains will be if they side with us, not to corrupt them, and not to threaten them with black-

The New Statesman.

mail as German writers are doing. We have to show them not merely that a triumph of Turkey, Austria and Germany would be fatal to them—they understand that already—but that an indecisive result of the present struggle would be almost equally dangerous to them. The solution of the Balkan problem has demanded that the ablest diplomacy in the service of England and France should be set to work in the Balkan capitals. Up to the present it cannot be claimed that this has been done.

Plinthos.

RUSSIA IN TRAVAIL.

For the past fortnight the world has been absorbed in the spectacular German advance into Russian territory. In its varied aspects it has been dramatic and, undoubtedly to the popular mind, ominous. Giant fortresses have been pulverized by monster guns, human life has been squandered on a scale never before dreamed of, and the Kaiser, thus far, has seen the apparent triumph of his long-organized preparations. As a result, the evacuation of Petrograd has already been discussed as a possible measure in the Russian Press. A remote probability, this, owing to the swampy character of the country surrounding the capital and its consequent unfitness for military operations, and owing, also, to the approach of the dreaded winter. But none the less the possibility exists, and hence merits consideration.

Supposing Petrograd were evacuated, supposing the Russians were forced to retire towards their central provinces—what then? Let there be no delusion! Upon the resolution of the Russians to fight to a successful finish it would not have the slightest effect. In fact, it would only serve to consolidate

more firmly the aspirations of the Russian people for a truly national capital, either Moscow or some other suitable centre, which would become the administrative heart of the Empire. This point requires emphasis, since it is habitually overlooked that at no time has Petrograd been regarded as the emblem of true Slavdom, but has rather served to indicate the foreign virus which for so long has permeated the veins of the Russian nation.

The gray and misty dawn of Russian history, the birth of Orthodoxy and age-long legend, have implanted a reverence for Kiev, the mother-city of Russia, in the heart of the people. Its greatness passed, and the natural geographical centre of eighteenth-century Russia—Moscow—took its place. Moscow is hallowed by the memory of great rulers: Ivan the Great, law-giver and consolidator, the victor over the Horde in 1480; Vassili, the so-called apostle of the Russian renaissance; Ivan the Terrible, who, in spite of his faults, was Slav to the backbone; and Féodor, who established the Patriarchate and thus founded a National Church in the widest sense of the term.

These were the men who created out of chaos a composite, virile entity, that Russia which was to be so roughly handled by Peter the Great.

Whatever may be written by the historian, Peter was no respecter of tradition. On the contrary, he despised it, and proved himself incapable of estimating the value of nationalism—a variant of patriotism—as an asset in the construction of the immense fabric upon which he had set his mind. Impulsive by nature, he could not leave the garnering of the harvest, for which he had toiled, to other gleaners. He scattered broadcast, upon ill-prepared soil, new ideas, foreign customs, and modern thought. That the seed never penetrated the crust of national prejudice mattered not one whit to him. Had his policy been more constrained and statesmanlike, the leaven of Western progress might have been absorbed by the masses and the whole subsequent course of Russian history might have been changed. Coercion applied to a nation cannot succeed, and therein lay the secret of Peter's failure. Thwarted in his desires, not unnaturally he turned abroad for consolation, to those who would sympathize with his aspirations. Thereafter his policy was towards the glory of the Russia of his own creation rather than towards the glory of the Russia mirrored in the wishes and temperaments of its peoples. In other words, Peter was an egoist. He was blind to the great qualities of his subjects and deliberately embarked upon grandiose schemes which found no response in the sentiment of the nation.

Of this characteristic Petrograd remains a monument. Its very situation is an anachronism. It is no exaggeration to state that not 20 per cent of the people ever see it in their lifetime. Imagine the capital of Great Britain at Penzance; the simile is certainly not overdrawn. So much, then, for the

geographical unsuitability of Petrograd. And, in addition, propinquity to Germany, the steady and subtle infusion of the Teutonic element into the governmental, commercial, and professional branches of the Russian body politic, had robbed the Petersburg of the last century of its national color. Were a foreigner to be suddenly deposited there, a foreigner of travelled experience, he would be hard put to say in what country he was were it not for the domes of the churches. Here is no national city. Here is no emblem of national expression. Here is no cradle of a race. Here is merely a collection of brick, stone, and wooden buildings; a cosmopolitan agglomeration of peoples drawn together by curiosity, business, or governmental service; a mélange of languages and nationalities—German predominating—but possessing no distinctive features.

There are palaces, museums, picture galleries. There is extravagance, magnificence, luxury run riot. There are opera-houses, theatres, cafés, chantants, public gardens, electric trams, vast hotels—the vastest, incidentally German—river steamers, telephones, and all the concomitants of the latest civilization. But, with the exception of the churches and of the Alexander Nevsky monastery, and excepting the new Tartar mosque—a dream of exquisite beauty—there is nothing to show the traveller that this is the throbbing, pulsating heart of the great Russian Empire. From buildings to individuals—in the Nevsky, true, one sees Russian uniforms, but if one listens one will hear German, French, English, Italian, and only occasionally Russian spoken.

Here is an incomprehensible paradox: the capital of a country whose people possess perhaps the most strongly marked characteristics in the world has been completely denationalized and, to a great extent, Teutonized. In the history of man there has never

been another case of an immense nation, nominally independent, becoming so completely subservient to an alien Power. Therein lies the true inwardness of the present conflict. France is fighting for her honor, Belgium for her freedom, Great Britain for the sacredness of treaties, and Russia for the realization of her most precious aspirations, her complete independence from exterior tutelage, and her development along lines Slav in character, Slav in sentiment, and Slav in mentality. Thus the evacuation of Petrograd would spell little. The Government, the working parts of the great machine which controls Russian destinies, would be withdrawn to Moscow or perhaps to Nijni Novgorod, there to await events with that sincere trust in the God of Justice which is manifested in the calm determination and close union of all classes.

And already in these dark days, when Germany is drunk with apparent success, there is visible an undercurrent of vague fear as to what the future may bring to her hordes on the Russian plains. Space and infinity are ever awesome: to find the beyond always the beyond, never to arrive at the end of the day's journey, to discover the prize ever just beyond reach, to march with all the splendor and panoply of war into burnt-out villages, empty hamlets, and devastated towns—human nature rebels against the reiteration of such sinister visions, and the leagues behind seem to speak incessantly of suffering, hunger, cold, and trial to come. As for having accomplished anything weightier than the occupation of so many verst of absolutely barren country, what else has been gained? Without intention the enemy is forging a weapon which shall smite it hip and thigh. Without intention, it is giving back to Russia that vivid sense of nationality which, since the days of

Peter the Great, has been nearly obsolescent. It is not a heterogeneous mob of alien races with conflicting aspirations which faces Germany. It is not a half-hearted soldiery, uninterested in aught but the chances of gain, but a great nation which, after nearly two and a half centuries of practical bondage, is fighting for its resurrection, for the re-birth of its right to lead its own life, for the extinction of alien interference, for the right to voice the wishes of its subjects, and the freedom to cling to such relics of the past as it may wish. In a word, here is a nation which is coming into its own as an influence specifically of itself and formed intrinsically after the manner of its traditions as a race apart.

The extinction of Petrograd as capital, which may conceivably be looked for after this war, would add enormously to that semi-dormant veneration for the country and its history which hitherto has lacked coherent expression. For long enough Russia has been the pupil of Western Europe. She has outgrown that phase, and in the full enjoyment of her majority may worthily play hostess to her guests from other lands. Wars of aggression have been foreign to her. She has only fought when forced by imperative necessity or by the alien-bred ambition of her bureaucracy. Her dreams are rather of the spiritual, of the betterment of her poor, of the development of her own. Russia in herself is invincible, and the temporary occupation of her frontier provinces means nothing. And the magnitude of her sufferings will, to some extent, be assuaged by the greatness of the boon she will receive. Unwittingly, Germany has been the creator of a new Russia, of a united people bound together as never before by the tie of blood, by the purity of its aims, and by the memory of its past slavery.

The Outlook.

Alan Lethbridge.

THE WOMEN'S PART IN THE WAR.

Those who lately watched the procession of women passing as a deputation to the Government, or read an account of the speeches that were made on that occasion, must inevitably have thought how small a part this active and organized demonstration represented in the sum of splendid and devoted work which the women of the country are doing to-day. This procession represented but a fraction of the work which women have done and are doing since war broke out—doing without processions or committees, without any great sense of its value, quietly and unconsciously, in thousands of homes. The procession was well enough. Here, indeed, one saw one branch of women's work—namely, the organization of women for industry. But without in any way belittling the value or importance of this kind of service, one must say at once that it is far less important and less essential than many other kinds which are less publicly offered and acknowledged. In measuring the country's debt to the women of Great Britain, one naturally begins with other things. One does not begin with the women's Press and the women's platform. One does not even begin with the women who have offered to work in the factories or to take men's places in offices and railway stations. Still less does one begin with the women who dress themselves in khaki or urgently press plans and policies upon the Government. One begins quite simply and inevitably with the women who stay at home.

And first of all one begins with the women who at home not only—as we shall see—do the most important and difficult work of all, but who have also, without complaint or difficulty, with gladness even and pride, incurred the possibility of poverty and bereavement

in speeding their men to the Front. The proportion of married men in the new armies whose wives have had to lower at once their standard of living, who are in danger of something like a social catastrophe should their husbands be maimed or killed, tells a wonderful tale of women's patriotism. They have nothing but the sheer spirit of sacrifice and loyalty to prompt them. For the men there is the call of a new life of adventure and uncertainty, excitement and perhaps hope of distinction. They, at least, will get something out of the new life—new experiences and points of view, fresh discoveries concerning themselves and the world, the savor of novel discipline and friendships, the delight a man has in the acquirement of new aptitudes. His motives for going to the war are necessarily more mixed than are the woman's motive for putting no difficulty in his way. She, indeed, has in most cases one motive alone. Patriotism in its most single-hearted and its purest form is found among the women of the nation or it is not found at all. This is the first gift the women of Great Britain have brought to the service of their country.

But this, perhaps, should be taken as a thing apart from the less exalted, the merely practical, discussion as to how the women of the country are best employed at this time. For the majority of women there can be no doubt at all. Whether their men be at home or enlisted it is their immediate task to look to the economy and maintenance of their households and families. We have lately heard many public speeches from Ministers and experts on the absolute need of the nation for thrift and a wise employment of its resources. If we are to come successfully through the war, and out of the

war with credit unimpaired, we are told, the country must spend wisely and look continually to its pence. In the important and vital matter of expenditure it is the women who determine. According to the ability and the will they are showing to-day will depend our financial position. High finance has done its part in declaring and explaining the necessity for thrift and for preferring one sort of expenditure to another. Household thrift and management must do the rest.

This is a task of no small responsibility and no small difficulty. It has been a way of the inexperienced and untaught to imagine that household economy is a simple, because it is a homely, matter. Many of its practitioners, to whom skilful management has become easy from constant habit, themselves tend to underrate their ability. One hears women who manage their household affairs with thrice the vigilance and shrewdness of a Local Government Board actually deploring that they are not "clever" enough to help in the war. They are tempted by talkative friends, who would reduce a household to chaos in three weeks, to aspire to higher things, to sit on committees, or count hands at a public meeting. Let these women be reassured in time. They are employing the experience and training of a lifetime to scores of small problems of adjustment and of ways and means every week of the year, each one of which, successfully solved, is at this time of profit to the nation. In estimating the value of women's work in the war it is essential, if we are to get true proportions into our reckoning, to think first of the thousands of homes where watchful and intelligent management is making the best of things by the thriftiest means. Not less must we insist upon the injury which may be done by well-meaning enthusiasts who in any way hinder this good work by

speciously decoying its experts into other fields. It is possible for any woman to learn in three weeks how to punch tickets or distribute letters. This work must not be done by expert housekeepers. Housekeeping is not learned in three weeks, or even in three years.

Organized and special work naturally falls to the women who are free of responsibilities at home. Of this work, undoubtedly the finest is done by the women of the Red Cross. From the fully trained nurses who are bravely working to the limit of their endurance abroad and at home, to the local workers of the Voluntary Aid Detachment, every rank is filled with a fine devotion. There is no work of which the mere dilettante so easily tires. It is hardly necessary to dwell on the monotony, hardship, and unpleasantness which thousands of women have cheerfully consented to endure in this great profession. Many of these women had had, as yet, no work or responsibility to face of any kind until they were enrolled for this particular service. Those who are serving to-day have been tried to the utmost. The trifler is soon wearied of this work, and has long been eliminated. Those who remain have given up all their time and pleasure, and are as ready, if need be, to give their lives. They stand easily at the head of those free women who have banded themselves together to help in the war.

We come last to the women's work which falls under the general head of organization for war. The work of women in making munitions, in replacing men who have enlisted, in working in the fields (this should be more generally looked to), in managing charities and funds and relieving distress—all these kinds of work are useful. They show an anxiety to help and a willingness to work in the public service which is wholly admirable.

But all such work requires very careful leading. There are extremes of fussiness to be avoided—extremes which, in the earlier stages of the war, were not infrequently reached upon local committees. There is really no need for women who have work to do at home and are doing it to the best of their ability to assume that all patriotic work involves a chairman and the confirming of minutes. There are signs that this is being gradually but generally realized to-day. We can trust to the general sense of the women when confronted with the registration forms to fill them in with circumspection. "Not incompatible with home duties" is a convenient phrase to describe the service which most women are free at this time to offer. The State will be grateful to those who, not being in a position to be usefully employed at home, are ready to fill the gaps elsewhere. But not to these is all the praise, or the chief praise, for direct and valuable service in the war.

The Saturday Review.

To "mobilize" the expert housekeeper to serve in other ways would be disastrous. Let the women at home be assured that their work is indispensable. The war is repeating for our instruction some simple and necessary lessons—among them being the lesson that the foolish talk which not so long ago was popular among certain people concerning the limitation and low estate of "woman's sphere" was pernicious and shallow nonsense. The country needs more than ever to-day the wise management and care of the women at home. Nor need we stop short at the merely economic value of the part they are called to play. Upon the women of Great Britain rests the moral and spiritual strength of the country as well—its capacity for cheerful endurance and for the preservation in war of the sanity, the right proportion, and the sweetness of life. They are helping everywhere to keep in heart and in chivalry the ideals for which their men are fighting.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CHARACTERS.

Some men only deal in virtue on a large scale. In everyday life they are perhaps rather selfish, rather careless in speech, rather apt to call retail scruple scrupulosity. They do not go out of their way to avoid small sufferings for man or beast, but in the great things of life their friends can prophesy that their action will always be handsome. We are certain that at a pinch, at any of those crises of life which may be called days of judgment, when men write themselves down good or bad, they will do well. In a shipwreck, for instance, they will not save themselves. Their word is their bond, and in any great financial dealing they will be above suspicion. They will show consideration where the wider

interests of humanity are concerned, and in the face of death they will do themselves credit whether they die in bed or in battle. Perhaps in an ordinary way they may make rather a fuss about comfort, but upon great occasions they can cheerfully live very hard. Perhaps in shillings they are not very generous, but for a cause they will deny themselves without a murmur. They occupy a very high place in the moral world these men and women whose virtue is wholesale. There is always something superior about the wholesale dealer. He has no shop-window, or, if he has one, it is not such as could advertise him—very often it is full of small faults. Oddly enough, they are conscious these good

people of their moral position. That is one reason why they make no retail effort. They know that when the big test comes they will do well. Certainty of acting handsomely in big matters is of the nature of a gift. We were all taught as children that if we would do right in little things by habit we should do right in big things by instinct. Good children believe it till they see themselves surpassed in virtue upon sudden occasion by some one who never tried at all. Enough virtue to do for daily life can be acquired, but great fortunes in virtue are a birthright, and men know that they have them. We do not mean that even to themselves they boast—boasting comes as a rule of want of self-confidence—but they are sure that when it is worth while to try they will succeed. In life or in death they will not disgrace themselves. They belong to the aristocracy of virtue, and are fitted for the government of the world.

Now to the mind of the present writer what we may call the retail characters are, generally speaking, the most likeable and the most human, even though it is not possible frankly to say that they are the most admirable. What they have of virtue is in daily use. We want of them a little kindness, a little geniality, a little pity, a little generosity, and in small quantities they have these qualities ready to hand. We are not sure that they could make good a great demand—nor are they. The truth is that wholesale virtue resolves itself into one quality—courage—and often characters in which courage predominates lack variety; besides, they are not infrequently rather unpleasant to live with. Hand-to-mouth goodness—the sort a man is always working to maintain—is the most attractive when seen near. The element of timidity is present in nearly all retail characters, and timidity, while it is a touching quality

closely related to humility, constitutes always an element of moral danger. A man may be intensely scrupulous in all small matters and yet not be fit for a great financial temptation. That does not mean that he will necessarily fall into it, but there is no certainty that he will not do so. It has become a convention to assume that all not quite bad people are immaculately honest. So they are in small matters, but where the temptation is large, sudden, and indirect, the case is different. Without cynicism, it must be admitted that only picked men can meet it. We have to take the edge off it with large salaries when we want to put men in very high places. This is one of the saddest facts of human nature. The apparently scrupulous man who does a slightly doubtful act for a very great gain is not therefore a hypocrite; he is a man who cannot keep his head. He may have endurance; he has not got courage. The man or woman who strives daily, and perhaps successfully, to be unselfish will often read with a shiver of deeds of heroism. She will say and he will think: "Had I been put to this fearful test how differently I might have acted; how horrible if I had disgraced myself!" In vain the preacher may tell him or her that at the moment of trial all would be well. It is not a certainty; it is a hope. Many good people have no head for moral heights. For them "Lead us not into temptation" simply means "Put us to no sudden test." If we come back to the subject of money, it takes as much generosity, but far less courage, to give piecemeal to individuals as wholesale to causes. To give away a tenth of one's income at once is to face a sacrifice. To give it in dribbles is a different thing. "I have parted with a little this month," says the piecemeal giver. "Next month I shall keep it all for myself." He does not; he gives again. But to give a lump

to a cause leaves him with a sinking of the heart, a vision of the workhouse, a sense of having parted with what he cannot afford. Have we not all been amazed, especially lately, at sudden deeds of great self-sacrifice by those who have certainly done few little ones, and have we not also been surprised and dismayed by the refusal of some ordinarily unselfish person to respond to any unexpected call upon friendship, affection, or even duty? We cannot expect to find the virtues belonging to opposite temperaments in one person. For all that, we do occasionally come across characters as perfect in detail as in outline. They have not been satisfied with the knowledge that they will pass the examinations of life with honors. They have loved goodness as some men love learning, and have worked at it for its own sake. The very best men are both born and made.

When one comes to faults instead of virtues the wholesale character is still the more admirable, or less despicable anyway. One large sin, such a thing as may get a man into prison, is more pitiful and less unforgivable than a thousand little meannesses. On the other hand, it probably does more harm to others, if less to a man's self. Wholesale villainy, like wholesale virtue, means courage, and courage we

The Spectator.

never quite despise. But, apart from actual criminality, we all know a few people whom we imagine capable of a crime. A certain interest attaches to them, while nothing but repulsion can be felt for the retail villain. We know that a great writer could make the one interesting, could elicit sympathy for him, but could not do so for the other.

Intelligence is a different thing from character. Wholesale and retail intelligences are clearly differentiated, and if we deal with genius, or even talent, the wholesale intellect is obviously the finer. But if we speak of ordinary people it is very doubtful which is better worth having. A second-rate wholesale intelligence is rather useless. All that can be said for it is that it preserves a hazy sense of proportion which the retail intelligence seldom has. It is not a satisfactory possession. It reduces a man's usefulness, and sometimes breaks his heart. He is always an object of ridicule to his more practical friends. "See, you are wrong in that detail and ignorant of this," they say to him. If taunts could kill him, he would die; and it is a wretched thing to see dimly both sides of every question. Happiness is most often found with wholesale virtue and retail intelligence, and it is wonderful how often these two go together.

OUTWARD BOUND.

(BY AN OFFICER WHO HAS SINCE FALLEN IN GALLIPOLI.)

There's a waterfall I'm leaving
 Running down the rocks in foam,
 There's a pool for which I'm grieving
 Near the water-ouzel's home,
 And it's there that I'd be lying
 With the heather close at hand
 And the curlews faintly crying
 'Mid the wastes of Cumberland.
 While the midnight watch is winging
 Thoughts of other days arise,

Outward Bound.

I can hear the river singing
Like the saints in Paradise;
I can see the water winking
Like the merry eyes of Pan,
And the slow half-pounder sinking
By the bridge's granite span.

Ah! to win them back and clamber
Braced anew with winds I love,
From the river's stainless amber
To the morning mist above,
See through cloud-rifts rent asunder,
Like a painted scroll unfurled,
Ridge and hollow rolling under
To the fringes of the world.

Now the weary guard are sleeping,
Now the great propellers churn,
Now the harbor lights are creeping
Into emptiness astern,
While the sentry wakes and watches
Plunging triangles of light
Where the water leaps and catches
At our escort in the night.

Great their happiness who seeing
Still with unbenighted eyes
Kin of theirs who gave them being,
Sun and earth that made them wise,
Die and feel their embers quicken
Year by year in summer time,
When the cotton grasses thicken
On the hills they used to climb.

Shall we also be as they be,
Mingled with our mother clay,
Or return no more it may be?
Who has knowledge, who shall say?
Yet we hope that from the bosom
Of our shaggy father Pan,
When the earth breaks into blossom
Richer from the dust of man,

Though the high gods smite and slay us,
Though we come not whence we go,
As the host of Menelaus
Came there many years ago;
Yet the self-same wind shall bear us
From the same departing place
Out across the Gulf of Saros
And the peaks of Samothrace:

We shall pass in summer weather,
We shall come at eventide,

Where the fells stand up together
And all quiet things abide;
Mixed with cloud and wind and river,
Sun-distilled in dew and rain,
One with Cumberland for ever,
We shall go not forth again.

The Times.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A. G. Gardner's "The War Lords," which E. P. Dutton & Co. publish in the Wayfarers' Library, is a book in which the author, as he explains in his Preface, makes an attempt to consider the origins, issues and conduct of the European war in the light of the personalities of the principal actors. It was an attempt well worth making, and it has been admirably carried out. Such a war as the present, indeed, can be only imperfectly understood if the personal equation is left out. It is necessary to know something of the character, motives and ambitions of the chief personalities, the real "war lords," either to comprehend how the war began or accurately to estimate its consequences. For the side lights thus thrown upon the war, the present volume, modest as it is in size, is invaluable. Beginning with the Kaiser, and ending with Premier Venizelos of Greece, it includes twenty studies of the most conspicuous figures in the great world drama—among them King Albert of Belgium, the Austrian Emperor, King Victor Emmanuel, the Asquith Cabinets, General Joffre, Sir John French, General Botha, King Gustav of Sweden, Field Marshal von Hindenburg, General Bernhardt, King Ferdinand of Bulgaria and President Wilson. There are portraits of most of the subjects of these studies.

It was perhaps an ill-considered candor which led Archie Bell, author of

"The Spell of the Holy Land" (The Page Co.) to admit in his Foreword that he cares no more for theology than for agriculture and knows no more of one than of the other; for fully to feel the spell of the Holy Land, one must surely be in sympathy with the beliefs and traditions which have made it holy. But it was perhaps only a newspaper man's wish to seem impartial which prompted the statement; for, whatever his indifference to theology, Mr. Bell admits that he found the Bible the most authentic and illuminating guide-book to the Holy Land, and a careful study of its pages lent significance to what he saw and value to what he records. If one misses from his narrative of his wanderings the deep but unobtrusive reverence which marked James Bryce's recent account of journeyings through the same scenes, one at least obtains vivid glimpses of the real Palestine of to-day as it presents itself to the tourist, shorn of illusions, yet rich in memories and full of contrasts and contradictions. Mr. Bell writes in an easy and unconstrained style, which makes his chapters easy reading. Jaffa, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Jericho, the Mount of Olives, Nazareth, Mount Carmel, the shores of Galilee and all the other sacred places are graphically described, and there are interesting and sympathetic glimpses of the new Zionist colonies. At one of these, Tell Aviva, Mr. Bell met and talked with Mendel Beilis, the central figure

in the recent tragic ritual-murder trial in Russia. Mr. Bell was fortunate in his companion, Mr. E. M. Newman, who illustrates the volume with eight plates in full color and fifty or more duogravures from photographs,—all exquisitely done.

Readers of Ernest Rhys's study of "Rabindranath Tagore" (The Macmillan Co.) who turn to it with the expectation of finding it merely a biography will be agreeably disappointed. There are in it, to be sure, some biographical details, but they are subordinate to the main purpose—that of outlining the literary career of one of the most interesting and unique figures in the contemporary world of letters, and of showing how his writings and the ideals which they embody and express are related to the life of the poet and dreamer from whom they come. To a greater extent than is true of most poets, Rabindranath Tagore's life and writings are closely interwoven, and a study of the one involves a study of the other. It has been Mr. Rhys's delight to follow the interwoven threads and to interpret the poet by his writings and his writings by himself. This he has done with discrimination and enthusiasm, helped by a close acquaintance both with the poet and his works. It may be timely to remind the readers of this study that the Macmillan Co., who publish it, publish also some of the most characteristic of the poet's writings—his translation of the Songs of Kabir, and of the song offerings of Gitanjali, and the child poems of The Crescent Moon, the allegory of The King of the Dark Chamber, the dramas The Post Office and Chitra, the youthful poems collected in The Gardener, and the volume entitled Sadhana, which contains eight essays or lectures.

The War Correspondent in the Europe of August 1915 looks back to his

former self of 1914 and murmurs of his salad days. Mr. Will Irwin's "Men, Women and War" is the story of four such, "Cobb, Dosch, McCutcheon and I" writes Mr. Irwin, who left Brussels a year ago, without passes or standing of any kind, rejoicing "that things were going to happen." In little more than two months things had happened beyond all their former rather extensive experience of war, and their light heartedness had given place to raging pity for noble Belgium, furious exultation in the manifest strength of the Allies, and a mounting dislike for the arrogant, stolid invader. They had seen Northern France from the Vosges to Soissons "a heaven of glory and a hell of slaughter." They had seen the name of Joffre, unknown to the "Who's Who" of 1914, become familiar to the world; and they had seen Sir John French plunging into battle, like Caesar in the good old Roman fashion of the days when the commander could be his own adjutant on occasion, and they had seen the long battle in which Europe lost 500,000 men. Lastly, they had seen the transformed French soldier no longer mercurial but determined, a warrior quite recovered from his subconscious dread of the Prussian superman. They themselves had learned to doubt all their own theories of war in the abstract, mind, soul, and spirit being absorbed by the vast moving spectacle. No matter how closely one has followed the daily newspaper story of the war this book casts light on certain details, and it shows how the fighters and the fighting impressed these trained observers of the greatest of all the great wars. It leaves the reader more tolerant of all the fighters, even of those who are the pawns in the game of him who forced the great war upon humanity. Mr. Irwin does his best for lasting peace in this little book, which takes and maintains high ground. D. Appleton & Co.